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The Week

POLITICAL psychologists have every reason to watch with tolerant curiosity the behavior of the Republican party during the next sixteen months. It will be engaged in the artless task of crawling out on a long limb of a tree and then sawing off the limb between the trunk of the tree and its own exposed perch. It will commit temporary suicide in this way not under any illusion about the political shrewdness of its conduct, but with the liveliest anticipations of its ignominious ending. The two major parties exist in America chiefly for the purpose of picking candidates whom they can elect for the presidency. Yet the Republican party apparently is fully reconciled to the necessity of nominating a candidate whom it cannot elect and whom its leaders know they cannot elect. They have every present intention, that is, of renominating President Harding in spite of the fact that they are all, progressives and conservatives alike, disgusted with his leadership or lack of leadership and are well aware of the utter improbability of his success. He will be opposed, of course, but there is no prospect that the opposition will muster anything like the strength which the opposition to the renomination of Taft did in 1912. Harding can have the nomination, if he wishes it, even though none except his own henchmen wishes him to have it.

THIS fatalistic attitude on the part of the Republican party politicians is not as inexplicable as it seems. The explanation is, we imagine, that they are more afraid of the possible consequences of refusing to renominate Mr. Harding than they are of the consequences of acquiescing in his nomination; they could not admit the real reason which would be the unpopularity of his administration and the meagre chance of his success. They would be obliged to oppose him on grounds of public policy, and opposition of that kind they do not dare to undertake. They all criticize him for his lack of leadership, but except for a few progressives they themselves could not do any better and have no substitute to offer. They would have to simulate progressive convictions in order to have any chance of success; and if they simulated progressivism they might encourage a revolt which would escape control as it did in 1912 and which would result in the loss of two elections rather than only one. They prefer consequently to play safe, even though safety means the probable election of a Democrat in 1924. The Republican party is not geared high enough for adventures in the way either of affirmation or protest. Its members possess so few common convictions and are so bewildered by the unprecedented difficulties of operating the government successfully that they prefer a safe and limited loss to the risk of a greater loss which the straining after victory would involve. They prefer to renominate Harding in the expectation that some unforeseen accident may elect him and that at worst the Democrats will govern even less successfully than themselves and cannot possibly last through more than one administration.

IS France about to declare war on Germany? It is repeatedly reported from Paris that Poincaré is seriously considering the advisability of such a step. The reports point out carefully that a state of war would not necessarily involve killing and

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the destruction of property. So far as considerations of humanity go, the present condition of "peace" might persist. The difference would be primarily legal. At present the French are hampered in their action—though not very seriously—by the Treaty of Versailles. They have to justify every move by logical deductions from the Treaty. Furthermore, Germany has a right to protest to the other signatories of the Treaty, and those signatories have a right to draft memoranda on the question which the French have to receive. If they were at war with Germany this would not be the case. So long as they observed the ordinary rules of warfare, it would be nobody's business what they did to Germany. They could fix the terms of peace unhampered by the wishes of other nations and thus correct what they consider the mistakes of the original settlement, such as leaving the Rhine province under German sovereignty. When the German militarists, after the French defeat in 1870, wished to pick another quarrel and finish the ruin of France, Bismarck held them in check. He wished to look forward to an epoch of peace. But France has no Bismarck at the helm.

IN our issue of February 14th a correspondent made the point that militaristic school books were not confined to pre-war Germany, but were also to be found in pre-war France. But how about the post-war period? We do not know how matters stand with the German texts, but we have recently seen the advertising folder of a French textbook on geography, which gives in facsimile a column of text containing material on Germany. The book is the ninth edition of the Atlas-Manuel de Géographie, prepared for the use of secondary and normal instruction by L. Alexandre and C. de Neve "ouvrage conforme aux programmes officiels." Liege, 1922. The section on European races contains the following passages: "The population belongs for the most part to the Germanic family, the representatives of which are characterized by initiative, the spirit of association, ardor in toil, tenacity in patient researches. But throughout the ages they have been distinguished by *cruelty, perfidy, lying, the violation of treaties.* Their 'Deutschland ueber Alles,' which they continue to proclaim even today in their defeat, expresses well their *ferocious egoism* and their *insolent pride of race.* And to think that before 1914 the whole world conjured by German culture! That criminal creation of the German university men, like the Germanic substratum itself consisted of nothing but lies, hypocrisy and scoundrelism. It cultivated the German spirit only to insinuate the filth of war into the very foundations of the soul. It inspired no other ambition than to govern tyrannically by force. And so we have seen these products of German culture engaged in the work of murder, robbery, cowardly cruelty. And we may say that the Germans have really remained just what they were when Caesar described them twenty centuries ago, that is to say, a race of *brigands, robbers* and *assassins.* . . . Outside of the Society of Nations with the Germans! Those criminals who, throughout the course of history have always been disturbers of the world! They should be placed in the category of 'peoples incapable of managing themselves,' and should be put under a protectorate, like their former colonies of Negroes and Papuans."

AMERICANS used to ascribe the stupidities of the German propaganda in this country to a certain obtuseness alleged to be inherent in the Teutonic culture and character. "Now the French—" we used to say, in drawing our contrasts. But we think the Germans never did anything more stupid than the French are doing in the Ruhr. They post the streets with placards proclaiming that they have no quarrel with the German workingmen, but only with their employers. Apparently they do not know that if there is anything that makes a German—capitalist or workman—more sore than the memory of defeat itself, it is to be reminded of the wartime peace offensives of the Allies, with their distinctions between the German people whom the Allies loved and the German government which they were bent on destroying. Even a fish gets mad if you offer him a second time the same bait in which he has felt the hook.

AMERICAN relief for Russia cannot afford to grow weary at this time when there are still millions who must live by it or perish. The famine area has been narrowed somewhat and the period of absolute want shortened. But no backward country recovers in a year from a famine that has not only sapped away the energies of the working population, but has stripped the land of the horses and oxen indispensable to tillage. It is possible that American relief might have operated more effectively to check the recurrence of famine if we could have sent in last spring not only food supplies but tractors with competent men to operate them in the districts most seriously lacking in working cattle. That was impracticable, since all the facilities of the ports and the railways were required to handle food. It might be practicable at the present time. We should like to know how far the American Relief organization has considered this question.

THE pending immigration restriction bill must be judged on its merits, not on the motives of those who support or oppose it. Labor importation, as a serious factor in industrial policy, is effectually precluded under the provisions of the bill. The

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adoption of 1890 as a basis for the quota places a barrier in the way of the immigration of those who are most exploitable, the Mediterranean and eastern European peoples. And the exclusion from the quota of near relatives of naturalized Americans and those who have declared their intention of becoming citizens strips the quota principle of its needless barbarities. We regret that a measure whose primary purpose is to permit the American people to arrive at cultural homogeneity and an autonomous handling of industrial problems, should apparently give aid and comfort to the racial bigots who proclaim the essential superiority of the stocks of northeastern Europe, from which most of us are descended. Racially and culturally, the Slavs and Levantines and Latins have much of value to offer us. We are simply not now in a position to accept it without aggravating our own social and industrial problems. In a future time when our house is in better order, we shall be more hospitable.

THERE is need of several grains of salt to take with the Paris complaint that the Turks have double-crossed the French. It is alleged that after the break-up of the Lausanne Conference the Turks offered to make a separate peace with England, yielding on every point in the British demands, thus leaving the French out in the cold. We may surmise that a number of the demands pressed particularly by the French were also of concern to the British, and that a separate peace which ignored them would have left vital British interests out in the cold, too. The French were probably informed in advance of the Turkish moves in this case, even if they did not actually coach the Turks, as they have been in the habit of doing. The net outcome is that the British are nearer a separate war with the Turks than a separate peace. Such a war would suit France exactly, provided that French diplomacy could be absolved of official responsibility for it.

THE House vote of 291 to 44 in favor of the bill authorizing the settlement of the British debt shows that the House is a body quite capable of treating fairly a fair business proposition. There were several points in the proposed settlement that the House might have cavilled at, if it had been in a mood for cavilling. But it recognized that on the whole, we are coming out of this particular debt tangle very well indeed. The settlement places America in the rôle of a lenient creditor, but not of an easy mark. It may be assumed that our government is using appropriate means to induce France to make a similar settlement. In view of the carefree manner in which France has undertaken the expenses, present and prospective, of the Ruhr expedition, she cannot plead poverty as a bar to our just claims upon her.

THE Minnesota Legislature will have to decide whether the question of academic freedom is to continue merely academic. The House Committee on Universities and Schools has unanimously recommended for passage a bill which relieves the Board of Regents of the State University of its present arbitrary power to discharge members of the faculty. Instead, the bill requires that the trial of a member of the faculty shall be conducted by the faculty itself. The Old Guard is attacking the bill on the ground that it makes the action of the faculty binding on the Board of Regents and wholly deprives the Board of any power in the matter. On the other hand, the introducer of the bill claims that its purpose is to give every professor "a reasonable chance to defend himself against the Board of Regents should he be discharged without any stated reason." He introduced it in order to do away with the oppressive interference with faculty independence which, under the leadership of present Justice Pierce Butler, the Regents have recently exercised. The faculty itself resented this interference. Shortly after the arbitrary discharge of Dr. Schaper in 1917 without a semblance of legal process, its members passed a resolution demanding a hearing before a faculty committee, prior to any action by the Board of Regents to discipline an instructor. For five years the immediate masters of the university, the Regents, ignored the academic process. Now the masters of the Regents have taken a hand in the controversy. Whether the Farmer-Labor group is strong enough to carry this measure is doubtful. The opposition is telling the people "that professors who are gentlemen and scholars seldom have to trouble their heads about academic freedom." But the faculty troubled its collective head at least five years ago. The voters are troubling their heads about it now. A number of Legislators are troubling their heads about it. Eventually more heads may be troubled in other states.

STEEL production is approaching the high levels of the boom year 1920. Lumber, cement and other building materials are in brisk demand, at rising prices. Labor is more fully employed than in any period since 1920. Wages are rising along with the general level of prices. All this is pleasant to contemplate. But must we go on now into a phase of inflated prices and feverish speculation, to be succeeded, as all such phases are, by collapse and a long agony of depression? Or shall we have the foresight to apply the brakes to our industrial machine before it gets beyond our control? Our machine is equipped with brakes that might answer the purpose if they were resolutely handled. The Federal Reserve system is capable of exerting a powerful influence upon the discount rate and the volume of loans. If it had the courage to raise the rate sufficiently to keep expansion within reasonable limits, we might enjoy substantial prosperity

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for a number of years instead of a brief feast to be followed by famine.

Organized labor in the European countries is a force nobody knows how to appraise in its bearing upon the adventurous policies of the governments. In the Ruhr, according to reports passed by the French government, labor is not inclined to take its orders from Berlin. That we can well believe. German mine labor has since the war observed a rather truculent attitude toward government in general. But if Berlin cannot keep it in hand, still less can Paris. The French recognize that they won't get much coal out of the Ruhr so long as the present imbroglio lasts, but they had hoped to get on with the coal from the Saar and from their own mines. A big strike in the Saar, however, has created serious embarrassment. While the official press was busy explaining that the Saar miners did not really want living wages but were acting under orders from Berlin, some 25,000 miners in the French pits threw down their picks and demanded an advance in wages. Not too much significance ought to be attached to this incident. But it suggests that the statesmen might profitably pause in their lofty scheming and consider how long the men who feed them and clothe them and provide fuel to keep them comfortable will be content to be ridden to death by rulers whose genius expresses itself only in making bad matters decidedly worse.

French Purposes

FRENCH purposes in the Ruhr invasion, like any other aggressive national purposes, must be assumed to be varied and mixed. There are no doubt millions of Frenchmen who accept the official explanation that all the government is after is to stimulate Germany to greater effort in the payment of the indemnity. How could it be otherwise, when practically the whole French press is under the the thumb of the government? Millions of Americans accept this explanation, although they have much better means for informing themselves as to the practicability of digging coal with bayonets.

Next, there is the explanation accepted almost universally in Germany and quite generally among the neutral European states, Holland, Scandinavia and Switzerland, that the French purpose is to destroy Germany as an industrial state. There is no reason to doubt that a considerable part of the following of Poincaré hopes to accomplish just that. Industry is military power. It is futile to prohibit the making of swords when the making of plowshares is permitted. Any man who can make a plowshare can beat it into a sword. Any industry that can make sewing machines can make machine guns; any industry that can turn out steel rails can make armor and heavy guns. If the safety of France depends on German disarmament, the French would be logical in attempting to transform Germany into a peasant state with nothing but petty industries.

An explanation widely held among industrial experts everywhere is that the French mean to force Germany to accept an arrangement permitting the restoration of the pre-war amalgamation of the Lorraine ore interest with the Ruhr coal interest, of course under French control. There are powerful economic forces pressing toward such an arrangement. The vast pre-war metallurgical development of Germany rested upon the facility with which Lorraine ores and Ruhr coke could be brought together. There is no comparable opportunity anywhere on the continent of Europe, or elsewhere in the world except in America. Even the British, with their excellent coal, considerable ore resources and a plethora of shipping for importing high grade ores from all the world, were finding themselves overborne by the natural advantages of the Rhine tract. Can the French financiers be expected to let such an opportunity for wealth and power be frustrated indefinitely by a political boundary which they can override at will? If there is anything that can be assumed safely, it is that some of the most powerful support of the Ruhr invasion comes from men who expect it to result in a solution of this great industrial problem.

But beneath all such special purposes there lies another which has a far better claim to the title of the French national purpose. That is the establishment of a frontier behind which the French people would feel secure against invasion. Ask any Frenchman, reactionary or liberal, militarist or lover of peace what he should regard as an ideal frontier between the French and the German peoples; he will reply without hesitation the Rhine. Imaginative civilians may proclaim that with the development of the air service natural defences count for little in war. The men who actually fought in the late war know that topography never counted for more than it does today. A hill crest elevated a hundred feet above the surrounding plain or a swamp three hundred yards wide was frequently priced at tens of thousands of lives. What would a barrier like the Rhine be worth, in the event of a new German war?

The secret treaties assured the Rhine frontier. American and British opposition made it impossible to delimit the German Reich at the Rhine in the Treaty of Versailles. But the Treaty permitted such delimitation for a time through the occupation of the Rhine province for periods of five to fifteen years, and through provision for the extension of the occupation if the Germans failed to live up to the Treaty. There can be little doubt

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that the French statesmen expected Germany to fail, meant her to fail, and saw in this failure a legal basis for extending the occupation indefinitely.

But military occupation cannot be a permanent policy, however prolonged it may be. Sooner or later the Rhine province will have to go back to Germany or some other disposition will have to be made of it. Some Frenchmen, ever since the outbreak of the war, have clamored for annexation. They are a minority, however. German experience in Alsace-Lorraine and Posen, British experience in Ireland, Austrian experience in Bohemia, Croatia and the Tyrol, Russian experience in Poland have proved abundantly that the annexation of alien populations does not pay. But why not a demilitarized, neutralized buffer state? Let the Rhine province be proclaimed an independent republic. Let it have complete self-government, with no limitations except those involved in demilitarization and a customs régime applying equally to all the world.

Even a fairly liberal Frenchman finds himself unable to see why such a solution should seem shocking to the sensibilities of a world which so recently joined in execrating Germany. It does not contemplate the denial of civil rights to the local population; rather it would defend those rights against invasion from Berlin. The republic would be free from the crushing burdens of militarism, and the French would no doubt be willing to liberate it from its share in the indemnity. Setting out without a public debt, with no public expenditures except for necessary civil services, the republic would quickly become one of the most prosperous in Europe. Labor and capital would flow in rapidly from the rest of Germany, lured by the promise of low taxes, security of property and peace. Another capable, contented lesser state would take its place beside Switzerland, Holland and the Scandinavian states, thus restricting in some measure the scope of grand ambitions reaching out toward war.

The argument is plausible. It leaves out of account only one thing, the will of the people of the Rhine province. They do not want a Rhine republic. They might be prosperous under independence, as compared with the rest of Germany under the victor's heel. But they could not prosper as they did under the old Empire, or as they would under the German republic, at last delivered of indemnities and military sanctions. In war a river like the Rhine is a barrier, but in peace it is a highway serving both banks as a unit. Economically the splitting of the lower Rhine industrial unit would be highly injurious to both sides. The Rhine republic could not be kept from gravitating back to the Empire except by the continuous application of French mil[illegible] However liberal the French mig[illegible] treatment of the Rhine republic, it [illegible] in the end a German Alsace-Lorraine, calling for a war of revenge.

Yet, with the Rhine barrier, would not France be in a position to repel German attack? Through some decades, perhaps. If Germany beyond the Rhine were permitted to recover she would undoubtedly turn her eyes eastward. She would settle her accounts with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, arrange her alliance with Russia and bide her time until the backing up of her population and resources enabled her to sweep across even such a barrier as the Rhine.

But the French are not looking far beyond the immediate future. We may therefore surmise that the project of a Rhine republic is drawing near to the surface of French policy. That project cannot be realized under the Treaty of Versailles. But if the Germans yield to the impulse to resist—and that they may do at any time—the French could declare war and thus replace the Treaty by naked force. The British army of occupation would no doubt be an embarrassment, but its presence could not prevent the French from proclaiming the severance of the Rhine province from the Empire. The British might protest. They might refuse to withdraw their troops or recognize the new state. But unless they were willing to go much further they could not prevent the French from having their way in the end.

Which Face Was Washington's?

SAY "George Washington" to the average American and between thoughts of cherry trees or Valley Forge he will with difficulty summon up the father of this country as a pink profile with a pigtail on a two-cent stamp. Give him a little more time and he will recall the oval portrait in his school-book, with its white sphinx-like hair, pressed lips and inscrutable nobility. This is the famous Stuart portrait (one of ninety-eight or more Stuart portraits), which is known as the "Athenaeum Head" and now hangs in the Boston Museum. It is the best-known and best remembered of all the portraits of Washington, and in one sense it is the truest likeness of him. For it is a perfect likeness of the vague, chilly, virtuous, stern and successful Washington which convention and school-books have engraved in the minds of most of us, a revered, acceptable and thoroughly inhuman figure. So far as most Americans are concerned, the Athenaeum Head is the real Washington.

One look at this politely patriotic head should be enough to tell us that it is a likeness of no [illegible] ever lived. Gilbert Stuart surely knew [illegible]ottom himself, for he has left us one [illegible]it of Washington which reveals him as not only a more human, but a much greater man. This

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is known as the Vaughan-Clarke portrait. It was painted a year before the Athenaeum Head, before Stuart had begun to succumb to an attack of idealization which finally swept all truth away. This and more about the various Stuart portraits is interestingly told by Mr. Gustavus Eisen in the February Studio. Mr. Eisen persuasively champions the Vaughan-Clarke portrait as the true Washington, painted by the true Stuart. The later Stuart, seduced by his notion of what people would expect of a patriotic portrait, tried to rub the years and the scars of humanity from his subject, and only succeeded in robbing him of reality. He concealed the double chin, arranged the hair, compressed the lips; he drew in lace jabots as "more suitable to the English taste of the period"; he stood his Washington theatrically against pillars and curtains, with one hand poised on a document, in the position known as "umbrellas" in up-jenkins.

We should like to see, along with a campaign in school-books to revive Washington as a human being, an issue of stamps engraved after the Vaughan-Clarke portrait. Here is the real Washington, who is also the unknown Washington: a face of enormous natural strength and integrity, a natural boulder marked by its own fire rather than the pressure of the world, combining a maximum of self-control with a minimum of fastidiousness, a face at once humorous, and hungry, and obstinate and speechless; the face of a man with a sure instinct for action, but little given to understanding before the event. A man in other words, and not an austere ideal puppet painted to satisfy the expectatious of the "patriots" of the time.

Tenants Without Landlords

"OWN your own home" has been a popular slogan in America; and it is still frequently asserted that the solution of the wage earners' housing problem lies in this direction. But according to the Census Bureau 54 percent of the population in 1921 lived in rented houses, and the Secretary of Commerce reported in 1922 a housing shortage for 1,200,000 families. Individual home ownership, though still the rallying cry of innumerable land speculators, real estate agents and loan institutions, is an exploded panacea. The worker pays instalments until a wave of unemployment sweeps him away, or, in the exceptional case he prospers, pays off on his house and rents it to a less fortunate fellow worker at a substantial profit. He may then proceed to build another house and so pass gradually from the ranks of labor to receive the rewards of landlordism.

Speculation is inseparably bound up with such ventures, and whether it succeeds or fails, it works to substitute the system of landlord and tenant for that of individual home ownership. Can speculation be eliminated? That is being done, through cooperation. The principle of collective, non-profit making ownership of homes is being put into practice in the cooperative housing movement and has gained a substantial foothold during the past few years. The movement is gaining momentum constantly and gives promise of startling changes in the business of housing the wage workers of our cities and larger towns.

In 1918 a group of artisans organized the Finnish Home Building Association in Brooklyn and built two 16-family apartment houses. The tenants paid $27 for five-room apartments which would have rented for $70 and $80 under private management—and still had sufficient surplus at the end of each year to pay off $1,000 on the mortgages. During the last four years seven more such houses have been built or remodelled, providing homes for 116 families. During the same time other groups of workers have been buying or building eleven additional apartment houses in adjoining neighborhoods, and this winter are building two more. Here are 22 buildings, housing altogether 325 families, and rentals average not more than $9 per room monthly. These tenants made initial payments of only a few hundred dollars for shares in their housing associations, and the balance of the value of the properties is covered by mortgages which are being paid off in ten or twenty years.

This example has been followed by many other Brooklyn wage earners in other sections of the borough. "The 682 Lexington Avenue Cooperative Tenants' Union" is a group of eight families who bought an old house for $16,000, paying $3,000 down and carrying $13,000 on three mortgages. They are now paying $25 to $30 a month rent, which provides enough surplus above running expenses to pay off $2,400 annually on the mortgages and leaves $364 for a reserve fund. At 466 Forty-ninth Street, Brooklyn, sixteen tenants are paying $24 and $30 for cooperative apartments that would cost $50 if rented from a landlord; and this rental provides a surplus from which they are improving their property.

In the Borough of Manhattan the movement is making similar headway. A group chiefly composed of teachers in the Ethical Culture School owns a house and manages it cooperatively on West Sixty-fifth Street. They have installed a cooperative restaurant and a cooperative laundry as well.

Farther uptown several groups of teachers and students at the colleges and universities are living in cooperative houses. One, the Stockbridge Apartments, whose tenant-membership of twenty-four includes a few non-college people, is typical. The apartments here have six and seven rooms and rents range from $75 to $105.

The Beekman Hill Cooperative Association on East Fiftieth Street is another excellent coopera-

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tive apartment house. A short distance from it a similar group is now planning the erection of a larger house with accommodations for forty families. Farther to the north again are three cooperative houses for single people, two for men and one for women. The three houses have recently united in a single organization called the United Cooperative Association. These people support many recreational and educational activities in their own buildings, and instead of returning surplus savings to the members, apply them to various causes such as Russian Relief and the Fund for Political Prisoners.

These are a few examples of the cooperative housing enterprises that are constantly springing into existence in many parts of Greater New York, the city in which the pioneering has been done. But the idea has carried westward and taken root in several other cities and towns, more, apparently, in the central part of the country than elsewhere.

The most interesting experiment is being made in the city of Milwaukee by the Garden Homes Company. Twenty-eight acres of land were purchased early in 1922 and work started on ninety stucco houses. The cost of this enterprise was to be $500,000, one half raised by sale of preferred stock to the city, the county, and private business interests; the other half common stock sold to tenants. Each tenant subscribes for common stock equal to the value of his house. As rapidly as this stock is paid up, the preferred stock is retired. When this process has worked through to its conclusion, the tenants will come into full collective ownership and control of their common property. The tenants of these cooperative homes pay about $50 a month at first, which includes 5 percent interest on the preferred stock and $120 a year toward its retirement; but each year these items decrease until monthly rents finally fall to less than $25.

The Milwaukee Plan has aroused particular interest because of certain unique features. Fire, life and accident insurance payments are included in the monthly rentals. At the end of the year the last monthly rent payment will be remitted to the tenant after deductions have been made for cost of any repairs to the property—a device intended to encourage the tenant to keep his premises in good condition. Each house has plenty of air space and light. A park, gardens and playgrounds for the children are included in the landscape plans. Without doubt the value of the land will increase greatly after the houses are completed and occupied; but the increase in value will go to the whole group. No individual is permitted to sell his shares in the cooperative association at a profit; and if he is compelled to leave the city he must sell the shares back to the association. Speculation in land values and in housing is thus completely eliminated.

Cooperative housing that is genuinely cooperative always eliminates speculation in this manner, and at the same time increases home ownership. Individual ownership of homes does not eliminate speculation, and too often it only turns good workers into real estate promoters or landlords. But the distinction between the two is sometimes not easily detected by the average citizen; and the real estate agents have perfected various devices for making the distinction still more obscure, in order that they may keep up the old traffic under the new name.

Most of the so-called "Cooperative Plans" described in the real estate supplements of the Sunday newspapers are absolutely non-cooperative in everything but name. Usually the buyer is sold a single apartment and receives a deed to the property. The tenants have no collective ownership or control over the entire house. The purchaser here invests in an apartment just as he would invest in a single house out in the country town. He can sell again when and where he chooses and at the best profit he can find. If financially equipped, he can buy up a number of these apartments and sell or let at a substantial gain.

Other housing plans, semi-cooperative in nature, also are numerous. They permit of cooperative ownership and control, but usually do not demand equality of voting privileges. Often there are fewer tenant-owners than apartments, and in such instances the extra apartments are let to non-members at a profit. There is seldom any restriction upon sale of stock or subletting by members; consequently there is ample opportunity for speculation.

The housing problem of America is vast and Protean, and it will not be conquered in a day. The cooperative solution is new and easily overlooked by the public. But few who examine it will deny that it offers a real solution, and one that is capable of general application.

The Price of Railroad Autocracy

IN spite of the fact that the season of heavy railroad traffic is over, in spite of the constant assurances given by executives during the height of the shopmen's strike that "service was returning to normal," the nation still faces a transportation crisis. Embargoes exist on many roads, demands for coal are not being filled, an abnormally large percentage of cars and locomotives are out of service for repairs, and the current car shortage amounts to about 50,000 net every week.

The situation is so serious that the Interstate Commerce Commission has embarked upon an investigation of the measures taken by the carriers in furnishing equipment, and of their economy and

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efficiency. It is difficult to see how the Commission in conducting this investigation will be able to avoid the pertinent fact that all the railroads spent many weeks fighting the shopmen's unions, and that the warfare to destroy them by refusal to negotiate is still being waged on about half the mileage of the country. An investigation of the adequacy, economy and efficiency of car service conducted with no reference to labor policy would be a farce.

Suppose the Commission should turn its attention to the cost of the strike to all the roads before any of them settled. It is axiomatic, as the Railway Age has remarked, that the railways should earn much more in the second half of the year than in the first half. This was true in 1921. The net return in the first six months of 1922 was over $200,000,000 more than in the first half of 1921. We should have expected a still greater improvement in the second half. Yet in the four months July to October, 1922, the net return was $87,500,000 less than in the same months of 1921. It was $6,000,000 less than the net return of the four months ending with June 1922. Normally, the figures earned in these periods would have been reversed. This decline in net occurred in spite of a great expansion in gross earnings, due to traffic almost as heavy as in the boom year of 1920. The reason for this anomaly is almost entirely the extraordinary expenses caused by failure to settle the shopmen's strike.

This extravagance can easily be traced into detailed expense figures. Average engine house expenses per freight train mile were in July, August and September, 1922, larger by 22 percent than in the same months of 1921. In spite of at least one third fewer shop employees in these months of 1922 than in 1921, and in spite of wage reductions of 10 percent, labor cost mounted. A reduced force of inefficient men naturally had to work more overtime. Overtime payments at advanced rates accounted for $8,761,143 more in these three months of 1922 than in the same period of 1921, or over four-fold. The increase of expense for police and guards due to the strike was $5,223,004 for the three months, or 444 percent. Meanwhile, in spite of these expenses, and in spite of the demands of rapidly growing traffic, the percentage of freight cars out of order was reduced only from 14.3 on July 1st to 12.8 on October 1st, while the percentage of unserviceable locomotives grew from 17.6 on July 1st to 25.3 on October 1st.

In addition to the heavy maintenance expenses, the roads and the public suffered large losses through faulty equipment on the lines which caused delays, breakdowns, and overtime for the train crews.

If combatting the strike had been a necessary and justified measure on the part of the railroads, such a record might be attributed to their bad fortune rather than to their bad management. We may overlook, perhaps, the provocative tactics adopted by the Association of Railway Executives under the leadership of the minority group headed by General W. W. Atterbury of the Pennsylvania, whose policy enunciated in 1920 was "Make no contracts whatever with the labor organizations." But how is it possible to overlook failure to settle on the terms proposed by the President of the United States, or on the still more favorable basis offered through the four transportation Brotherhoods acting as mediators?

In the middle of September the more moderate roads settled the strike on the basis of the Baltimore Agreement. Improvement was manifest on their lines almost at once. It is possible to estimate the improvement by comparing ten of the most important roads which settled with ten which did not. In July, August and September, the ratio of expenses to revenues of the first ten was 79.73; in October and November it dropped to 75.52. For the second ten, the corresponding figures are 84.46 and 84.00. Locomotives out of repair for the ten which settled dropped 7.8 percent. For the others the percentage of unserviceable locomotives rose 13.8 between the two periods.

Whatever excuse there may have been for a failure to settle with the unions before September, the obstinate executives certainly have no valid reason now for refusing to follow the successful example of the majority who made peace. Whatever may be the fundamental difficulties of the railroads, a clear responsibility for poor service and high expenses rests upon the managements which persist in their autocratic policy. The public should insist that it shall not be made to pay further in wretched service and high rates for the attempt of a few railroad dictators to destroy industrial democracy root and branch in the repair shops.

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Railroad Labor Amalgamation

I. Backgrounds

IT is significant to realize that the four train service brotherhoods began primarily as mutual insurance and benefit associations. For years they have been our leading craft-bourgeoisie, whose fiduciary caution has ever tended to modify their labor consciousness. Today these four unions pay out in pensions and insurance a little more than the rest of North American labor put together, and their strike chests are an ominous reserve in their economic strategy.

The older men have actually partaken in empire building. They were the heralds of the romantic period in American capitalism, which imbued them with the spirit of an order rather than a trade. Practically all of them are indigenous by birth, training and attitude, and innocent of all radical sophistication—which mainly accounts for the failure of the many past and present dual syndicalist movements in the railroad industry. Every mail brings into the Grand Lodges opinions, criticisms and requests from the rank and file, full of the sentiments of the great American middle class, to whose colleges the locomotive engineers, for instance, are sending the almost incredibly high average of about 80 percent of their children.

Still, the livest issue in these Big Brotherhoods is amalgamation. The main reason is that their pivotal position renders them slowly but surely sensitive to the preconscious trend of our entire labor movement, which nowadays undoubtedly is feeling towards greater syndication. But for the same reason the amalgamation movement in these "aristocratic" unions is far more genetic than rebellious, though naturally the post-war reaction, the pressure of "militant" radicalism, and a weak federal policy are all serving to accelerate it. Hence without a brief historic retrospect the present drift is quite incomprehensible.

Partly because the unprotected job is a poor insurance risk, the transportation brotherhoods gradually began to develop union protection. From the start the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers (1863) and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen (1883) assumed some elementary trade union functions. But the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen did no collective bargaining until 1885, thirteen years after its foundation, while the Order of Railway Conductors was a non-strike agency from 1868 to 1890, when the anti-strike clause was repealed and the Order became definitely committed to trade unionism. But these very probationary tactics among such closely associated workers only served to educate the cooperative spirit. The train crews work under identical conditions for the same employer. They "live together, die together," and are bound by a highly integrant, dangerous, responsible and oddly fascinating service. The fireman hopes to become an engineer and the trainman a conductor, while many of the older men retain their memberships in the junior organizations to save their policies. Now almost 40,000 engineers belong to the firemen and about 26,000 conductors to the trainmen. And these "double headers" are such a strong interlocking influence that they cannot serve either as officers or delegates.

Obviously federation seemed natural very early. And in 1889 the conductors, the trainmen, the firemen and the switchmen and telegraphers federated into the United Order of Railway Employees. Official factions disrupted the alliance three years later. But from its ruins grew the System Federation, under which the workers dealt with an entire road. This procedure was officially adopted by the four Big Brotherhoods and the switchmen and telegraphers in 1893 as the Cedar Rapids Plan, which lasted only four years because the far more swiftly growing concerted movement of the carriers required a more wholesale scheme of bargaining. But within the last fifteen years system federations have been reestablished on practically all the roads, as an integral part of district and national agreements. The System Federation is the primary school in railroad labor solidarity. And it proved its power in the big strikes on the Southern Pacific (1913), the Delaware and Hudson (1914), the Chicago Belt Line (1915), when all the train crews struck and won together.

By 1902 the carriers, the workers and the government had implicitly divided the country into the Western, the Eastern, and the Southern Divisions. In that year the conductors and the trainmen met in Kansas City and formed a General Committee, which drew up a rate schedule for simultaneous presentation to all the Western roads. The roads accepted, but separately. The first real district agreement was not signed until 1906, when a General Committee of the engineers and the firemen made one contract with all the Western companies. After that district agreements spread rapidly and by 1913 they became the prevalent mode of bargaining.

In 1913 the engineers and the firemen federated under the Chicago Joint Agreement, which adroitly binds them without the least infringement upon their really differential interests. Five years later, Warren S. Stone, the Grand Chief Engineer and

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leader of Fabian amalgamation, was able to carry an extremely important amendment to this Agreement, which directed the Grand Lodges of both organizations to study the advisability of their merger. In 1919 the conductors and the trainmen perfected the Cleveland Compact into a similarly mutual document, but scrupulously avoided any consolidating implications. Mr. Lee, President of the trainmen, is the strongest and ablest enemy of amalgamation.

Soon after their victory on the Chicago Belt Line in 1915 all four brotherhoods somewhat strengthened their Cooperative Agreement, which is now in force. But the Agreement displays such a discreet and timorous respect for separateness as to practically nullify its associative value. In 1916 the four organizations acted as a unit in securing the passage of the Adamson law. But since then the ever sharpening hostility between Mr. Stone and Mr. Lee on the amalgamation issue has weakened all sense of solidarity between the leaders of the two cab and the two car organizations. Now, these two men are in open and rather acrid opposition. And since last December Mr. Stone and Mr. Robertson of the firemen have been overtly supporting the Switchmen's Union of North America in its partially rival organization campaign against the trainmen.

But the switchmen are in their history and position far closer to the clerks, telegraphers, signalmen, stationary firemen and engineers and the maintenance of way men. Before the war all these miscellaneous unions had practically no organizations on the roads; but the war stimulated them into a pituitary growth, whose organic instability has been tragically evident of late. From small section-bargaining organizations they swelled into huge amorphous bodies with national agreements. Of course the open shop reaction hit them especially hard. But their very weakness predisposes them towards industrial unionism, and two of them actually voted for it in their last national conventions.

The six shop crafts are the machinists, blacksmiths, boilermakers, carmen, electricians and sheet metal workers. They are organized as the Railway Employees Department of the A. F. of L. Their strategic position is far from being commensurate with their skill, partly because the general labor market is always more or less inflated with unorganized workers in these trades, but mainly because their international unions do not permit this Department to become a clearing house of policy but merely of routine. Mr. Jewell, at its head, is simply the executive director of a board of international union officials, whose primary interest is to preserve the craft pharisaism of the A. F. of L. Sanhedrin. The evanescence of their present strike is as much due to this spirit of internal separatism as to the uncertain moral support of the Big Four. It was always the rank and file in these unions which has pressed for more cohesive tactics ever since they began to spread throughout the country in 1905. Since then they have fought innumerable strikes with matchless heroism. From September 1911 to January 1915 they were on strike on the twelve roads of the gigantic Harriman-Illinois Central system. The issue was federation. The strike was lost for much the same reasons that the present strike is fading. But during those forty-five months the crafts managed to impair equipment to a degree which permitted them during the next half a dozen years to develop the System Federation movement, though the struggle weakened them too much for district or national agreements. Nowadays the storm and stress of the shopmen is being somewhat appeased by their prominent position in all those national economic and political progressive movements of which railroad labor is the vanguard.

From this brief sketch of the concerted movements in the world of railroad labor it is clear that in the last third of a century it has made enormous associative progress. Since the war, reactionary publicity has attributed to this development an almost revolutionary meaning. No doubt the increased responsibility and parliamentary experience which labor acquired in this process tended to substitute for its earlier inarticulateness and often petty and frivolous restiveness a deeper sense of our political economy. But this new and still very naïve social philosophy is rather antirevolutionary in its belief that the fundamental interests of labor are protective of the commonwealth against the competitive interests of the roads.

And this faith has grown with the industrial determinism which is at present gripping modern society. When the Eastern Engineers' Arbitration Commission found that the New York Central, the New Haven, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, and the Reading and Erie controlled directly over 80 percent of the entire Eastern mileage, the engineers and the firemen signed the Chicago Joint Agreement. And the present amalgamation movement is primarily the response to the open shop drive upon the miscellaneous and repair crafts.

II. The Drift Toward Amalgamation.

Eight months after America entered the war the government had to take over the railroads. The war demanded the temporary suspension of "economic Calvinism" to meet economic realities. In this obligatory revaluation labor came considerably into its own. The Railroad Administration recognized its right to organize, and in a series of raises it tried to bring its median average income within sight of the ever rising subsistence cost of living. Moreover labor realized that only public effort could ever meet the vastly intricate

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and voluminous traffic of the organic state. Ownership bitterly resented this graphic illustration of its menacing irrelevance in critical days, and it began a Creel-like propaganda against federal inefficiency.

The readers of the Saturday Evening Post were moved to sympathetic risibility by Mr. Irvin Cobb's dyspeptic ventures on federal diners, while the daily press pointed more gravely the moral lesson that "human nature" demands competitive transportation. Professor Sharfman, the distinguished railroad economist at the University of Michigan, shows how unsound and unfair most of these criticisms were. After the armistice and the return of the roads to private operation this propaganda finally summated in the Esch-Cummins bill, which gave to the carriers $500,000,000 and established the Railroad Labor Board, whose gradual, semi-conscious nullification of labor's wartime gains I described in the New Republic of July 5, 1922.

The half decade from 1917 to 1922 had an awakening influence on the railroad workers, which the open shop crusades of 1919 to 1921 only served to render more conscious. In 1919 all the sixteen railroad unions endorsed and endowed the Plumb-Plan League, whose somewhat doctrinaire guild-socialist scheme is now proving rather innocuous. At present these unions, with the exception of the trainmen, are financing and actually reading their national weekly, Labor, an unusually intelligent journal of fact and opinion. And they also form the backbone, again with the significant exception of the trainmen, of the Conference for Progressive Political Action. But nothing has brought the amalgamation issue to the fore as much as the reactionary antics of the Railroad Labor Board, whose description of the living wage as "mellifluous phraseology" excellently defines the spirit of its wage decisions in 1922.

In a recent magazine article Mr. Ben W. Hooper, chairman of the Railroad Labor Board, asks: "In case of a general strike comprising all classes of railway employees, what chance would there be to recruit a new force, competent in skill and adequate in numbers to keep traffic going?" This, in a nut shell, is the rhetorical question of the friends as well as enemies of industrial unionism on the railroads. And it has been put dramatically by the shopmen's strike.

The strike began last July 1st. By the middle of August it had rendered traffic so dangerous that the train service brotherhoods were forced to offer mediation. The engineers, the firemen, and the switchmen were warned by their officers to abstain punctiliously from all repair work and to run no trains which in their judgment were in the least defective. For a day or two the situation looked ominous. However, Mr. Lee of the trainmen resolutely kept the strike within craft limits, which the carriers skilfully exploited. But the withering strike is inversely inflaming labor consciousness. And in this turbulent agitation we can discern the eternal spectrum, from Mr. Foster's fraternal crimson to Mr. Lee's royal blue.

Foster is the leader of "militant," centrifugal industrial unionism. He is a member of the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen. About a year ago he organized the Trade Union Educational League, whose only program is to "bore from within" the standard unions towards their fusion. He is a man of remarkably "complex naïveté" in his unusual gift of translating a rich, disciplined and vital scholarship in labor economics into simple epitomes and slogans. And his efficient zeal irradiates his doctrine into practically every railroad local in this country and in Canada. Last December 9th and 10th, some four hundred delegates from all the railroad unions met in Chicago under the auspices of the Trade Union Educational League to consider the amalgamation plan of the Minnesota Railroad Shop Crafts Legislative Committee. The convention adopted this plan which is modeled somewhat after the British National Union of Railwaymen. It works out in detail the government of the proposed industrial union and persuasively disposes of all possible objections.

But there is a touch of Bellamy perfection about this scheme, which in view of the official attitude of the Big Four and the shop crafts, eliminates it from the sphere of Realpolitik. On the other hand, there is little doubt that Foster's work has had an accelerating influence upon the sense of solidarity of railroad labor in general and of the miscellaneous unions in particular. The clerks and the maintenance men voted for amalgamation at their last conventions, and the other four miscellaneous unions are extremely sympathetic to it. And amalgamation was also the central issue at the convention of the shop crafts, where it was defeated only after the most strenuous efforts of the international officers.

The liberal in this movement is Mr. Stone. In theory he has declared himself for amalgamation. But in his position he must temper the ideal with the potential. In 1922 he personally visited the national conventions of the firemen, the trainmen and the conductors, where he spoke in favor of closer affiliation, progressive political action, recognition of Russia, support of the weekly, Labor, and especially for consumers' and banking cooperation. He is continuously using his powerful influence with the other railroad unions in the same direction. He is not especially worried about the radicals, whose influence he is skilfully exploiting in his sincere Kulturkampf in the four Big Brotherhoods. His uncommon business sense enables him to apply with great success his theory that labor should trespass upon capital not by revolution but by permeation. Hence the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' banks, skyscrapers and coal mines.

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His immediate interest is the amalgamation of the two engine services. In accordance with the provision of the amended Chicago Joint Agreement these two organizations met during the first two weeks of last December and worked out the proposed scheme of merger. This scheme is enormously detailed in its settlement of differentials in dues, insurance, benefits and seniority, with nice regard to the customs and traditions of the respective trades. It is to be submitted to their next conventions and then to both memberships for referendum, and chances are that it will pass.

The arch anti-amalgamationist is Mr. Lee, a thundering Thor, who is fighting a losing battle with a fatally growing vindictiveness. "I was with Debs in 1893. I have learned a thing or two since then." In his struggle to keep railroad labor within the most autonomous craft limits, he would unwittingly retrace the whole long and uphill road of the concerted movements in the industry. Recently he persuaded Mr. Sheppard of the conductors to join him in signing a series of contracts with the Eastern carriers without even notifying the two engine crafts, which certainly violated the spirit if not the letter of their Cooperative Agreement. This attitude is bound to undermine even his entrenched position. And indeed, he recently accepted the presidency of a new air brake manufacturing concern. "When our organization gets in full operation, I will most likely resign my present position," he told the press. Every inch a fighter, but looking backward in a forward pressing age!

The carriers as well as the government are now busy at the well-nigh interminable task of evaluating the railroad properties: for eventual bargaining? And meantime the railroad workers are confusedly but surely perfecting their cohesion, so that when they enter the inevitable federal service they will do so under a commission form of government on which they are represented, and not as the wage slaves of a cabinet department.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG.

Thought's End

I watched the hills drink the last color of light,
All shapes grow bright and wane on the pale air.
Till down the traitorous east there came the night,
And swept the circle of my seeing bare.
Its intimate beauty like a wanton's veil
Tore from the void as from an empty face.
I felt at being's rim all being fail,
And my one body pitted against space.
O heart more frightened than a wild bird's wings,
Beating at green, now is no fiery mark
Left on the quiet nothingness of things.
Be self no more against the flooding dark:
There thousandwise sown in that cloudy blot
Stars that are worlds look out and see you not.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

Straight Business

THE banker sat stiff and upright, his profile turned to his caller. It was not that he had found a new light in the portrait of his ancestor, Joel Harrison Stebbins, on which his eyes were fixed. He was afraid. Afraid of the frank black eyes of this stranger, of the warm blood glowing through the velvety brown of his cheek, of the balance and vitality revealed in every movement of his body. This was a novel experience to the banker. Usually it was he who inspired fear. His steady gray eyes, deepset under bushy white brows, were formidable to meet when one needed funds to realize on a golden opportunity or to keep a sick promise from dying on one's hands. Mr. Stebbins appraised to the full the advantage of instilling fear and had arranged his office with that in view. Murky panelled walls with still murkier portraits of grim financiers; a ponderous armchair, built high, to enable him to look down into a customer's eyes; a vast flat-topped desk of ebony and ivory at his elbow; a pen rest of silver griffons supporting a mammoth black fountain pen inlaid in greenish gold with the Chinese double dragon: these accessories, together with his eyes, brought him the most reliable business of the community, and that fraction above the current rate of interest that makes a banker rich.

But for this one time the tables were turned. Mr. Stebbins was very impatient with himself. Why should he shrink from the black eyes of this suave and engaging stranger, who had not yet even broached his business? Mr. Stebbins glanced again at his caller's card, "Mr. John Baker, Brokerage and Commissions." There was nothing disturbing about that.

"You are a stranger in town," he said glancing up with his habitual frown of command. "Any connections here? Or in the City?"

"I have a letter that will identify me." Mr. Baker rose lightly to his feet—superfluously, for the chairs were at arms' length—and with a slight bow placed a square envelope in the banker's plump hand.

Mr. Stebbins fixed his eyes on the illegible scrawl representing the name of the introducer. "Mr. Blank?" he asked. He meant to be casual about it, but he could feel that the stranger was aware that he was profoundly impressed. For Mr. Blank was one of the most powerful figures in metropolitan finance, a man whom Mr. Stebbins and his kind admired abjectly from the distance as he moved with majestic bonhommie among the ordinary mortals at the receptions of the bankers' association.

"My dear Stebbins," ran the typewritten note. "I am sending you my friend Mr. Baker. He is the most responsible business man I know. (Signed) Blank." The scrawl might just as well

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have read "Methusaleh," but Mr. Stebbins had seen it before, on checks carrying horrendous figures.

"Great man, Blank," Mr. Stebbins gave way to his awe. "Greatest mind in America, according to my way of thinking—Well, Mr. Baker, what can I do for you?"

"I have called to negotiate a small loan. It is to finance an import transaction which I can prove to be absolutely gilt edged. The consignor is one of the most reliable business houses in the British Empire. The freight has been arranged for with a great transatlantic concern, and the terms of sale have been settled satisfactorily with dealers whose word is as good as their bond. Every step in the transaction has been properly insured and all risks eliminated. The profits will be thirty per-cent on the investment, for a period of not more than two months. I am ready to share that profit with you, in such proportions as you may consider fair and consonant with the public service function of a soundly managed bank. I need five hundred thousand dollars."

"Five hundred thousand dollars," repeated Mr. Stebbins slowly. "That's a large loan for a provincial bank. Just chicken feed for Mr. Blank, of course. Why didn't Mr. Blank lend you the money?" Mr. Stebbins threw into his glance all the suspicion he could summon.

"Mr. Blank is already heavily engaged in this class of business. But besides, he feels that it is better policy to distribute such loans rather widely. And as you know, he is usually right in his judgments. He gave me introductions to several provincial bankers whom he regards as of unquestioned soundness and sterling respectability. I have come to you first. Should you care to know who the others are?" Mr. Blank opened his portfolio and handed the banker a sheaf of square envelopes.

"Umm." Mr. Stebbins grunted. "Mr. Dillingham. Good banker, bad location. Mr. Holden. He is all right. Mr. Rubenstein. Maybe it's anti-Semitism, but I don't trust that fellow. Mr. Kellicott. Umm. Umm." He tapped the ends of the envelopes on the desk, as if they were a deck of cards.

"What is the nature of this business of yours?" he demanded, all his suppressed suspicion flaming on his face.

"Bootlegging," replied Mr. Baker calmly.

"I'll have nothing to do with it." Mr. Stebbins threw the letters violently into Mr. Baker's lap.

"I had expected you to take this attitude, at first." There was an amused twinkle in Mr. Baker's eyes that irritated the banker and yet somehow appeared to sap away at the foundations of his moral indignation.

"Of course I came prepared to argue the case," Mr. Baker continued suavely. "I am appealing to you, you will understand, in your capacity as a banker, not as a private citizen. As a citizen you disapprove of bootlegging. So do I. But as a banker, you, and as a business man, I, must recognize that we do not command the currents of trade, but serve them."

"Yes, lawfully. Respectable bankers and business men do not violate the law."

"They do not, when the law is made by and for the bankers and business men. But as you know, there was a time, and not so very remote, either, when all banking and profit-making business was under the ban of the law. It was all bootlegging. We captured the governments, finally, and legalized ourselves. But we lived before that, you may depend on it, and made plenty of money."

"I am not interested in ancient history," said Mr. Stebbins scornfully.

Mr. Baker smiled. "I see you have on your wall a portrait of Joel Harrison Stebbins, your ancestor, I believe. I have read a memoir which describes his financial relations with the West Indies rum trade, before the Revolution. I suppose you are familiar with it?"

"Yes. But they looked at the matter differently in those days. The rum trade was regarded as perfectly moral. And lawful."

"I believe you are mistaken there. Those old skippers had to violate first the Spanish law to get their cargoes and then the British law to land them without paying excessive duties. But we will come down to modern times. What would you do if you were a banker or a business man in Soviet Russia? Observe the law and starve?"

"No. I'd beat those damned scoundrels the Bolsheviks every chance I got. Observe their law? That isn't law at all, but the fantasy of envious, disordered minds."

Mr. Baker nodded approvingly. "As I remarked before, we bankers and business men observe the law so long as it is made by and for us. That is not the case in Russia. It may not long remain the case in any part of continental Europe. We can't even count certainly on England. And as for America—"

"As for America," stormed Mr. Stebbins, "there is enough red blood here to crush the serpents of Bolshevism the moment they raise their heads."

Mr. Baker smiled. "There is red blood here, aplenty. But what guarantee have we that it won't turn Red? Pardon the pun. But the fact is, we are living in a time when property is menaced on every hand. Government bonds used to seem absolutely secure; but the world is now having an epidemic of repudiation. Can you predict what Congress will do to the railways in the next twenty-five years? Is there any assurance that taxation won't eat the heart out of realty? We may live to see profits taxation restored in a much

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more savage form; we may feel price regulation gripping us by the throats. As a banker you must often be consulted by men of wealth who desire to put their money in some form that may insure their families against poverty through two generations. Are you able to advise them confidently?"

"It is all the doing of those pink tea radicals," said Mr. Stebbins gloomily. "And the demagogues. That man Roosevelt started it. And the Lord knows where it will end."

"Just so," assented Mr. Baker. "But now I wish to present the claims of the business I represent. It is a business which rests squarely upon the rock that no demagogic lightning can split: personal honor. In our business we have learned to distinguish between those whose honor can be relied on in any circumstances and those who will sell us out. From the manufacturer to the consumer, our personnel is absolutely reliable. Not even the meanest waiter or stevedore will betray us. True, we find it necessary occasionally to square the officials, but once squared they hold their shape as perfect cubes. Of the thousands of men who are privy to our transaction, any one might ruin us. Yet experience shows we can depend on them, absolutely."

Mr. Stebbins shifted uneasily in his chair.

"In the circumstances of the times," Mr. Baker continued, "we are justified in claiming that ours is the one gilt-edged business. Other businesses have to call in the law to help them to collect on their contracts. We have no need of the law. It is against us and would ruin us if it could. It can't. Other businesses find the ultimate foundation for their security in the Constitution. We stand on our own footing, beyond the Constitution. Other businesses have everything to fear from the popular tendencies abroad in the world. Those tendencies are of absolutely no concern to us. We could operate under Bolshevism as well as under any other system of government. Even absolute anarchy would have no terrors for us. Security: where does security for profits exist, if not with us?"

"It all sounds very specious," said Mr. Stebbins weakly. "But—"

"But you have private moral scruples? Let us see. As a banker you stand in a relation of trust to your depositors and stockholders. You are morally bound to invest the bank's funds in such ways as will bring the greatest profits, consistently with the requirements of security. I offer you absolute security, and you can fix your own interest rate. Here is my note, signed. Write in the rate that pleases you." Mr. Baker rose and placed the note in the banker's hand.

"Umm." Mr. Stebbins shook his head. "Umm." His plump white hand moved torpidly over the black surface of the ebony desk, to the mammoth fountain pen inlaid with the Chinese double dragon. "Umm."

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Rock-ribbed

THEY are of granite, these hills. A sparse surface of soil clings to the lower slopes and rests more thickly in the valley hollows; but the roads which lie in loose pattern across the shoulder of the mountain are white with powdered rock, and our farmers' wagons jounce rudely over outcroppings which are one with the very core of earth itself. It seems as though there were granite even in the air; the drifting summer clouds which move across the sky's blue bowl are not the warm, cottony stuff of the South. They are cold, austere, as remote as the far-off lavender peaks which they reveal and hide again as they swing with the tides of the day.

Our people are also austere and remote. To the soft men and women of the city who venture thus far north for a few weeks in midsummer they seem cold as well. But this is the misjudgment of the town, where no one learns to read character because there is so little of it that is not revealed at first glance. We folk of Vermont are anything but cold; the surface of the lava lake which lies in a volcano's crater sometimes congeals, but underneath, the rock is still molten. These bronzed, embarrassed faces, these bright furtive eyes, are full of a shy friendship, so shy that it cannot endure being frankly offered or asked. The formula of intercourse is that which has so often ruled in dealings with primitive and alien tribes: Lay your offering of goodwill on a flat stone near the forest's edge; look away and walk away, and after a time the one you seek may tip-toe forth and accept. But you must never mention it afterward. Friendship as shy as this is too fragile to endure being talked about. Like a trapped hare, its heart would burst in one convulsion of terror.

In Vermont, this is true of all the realities of life. They must be tacitly accepted, while our conversation is confined to the trivial surface of trivial affairs. The rigid hand of Puritanism lies heavy upon us, here in the cold North. We are cribb'd, cabined and confined by all the inhibitions and perversities of the bitter civil warfare of the soul. Partly this is an inheritance from our silent godly Pilgrim forebears; for it is an American tide of life which flows through these valleys, with hardly a trace of the newer alien stocks which have inundated the Atlantic seaboard since the Civil War. Irish, Scotch and Anglo-Saxon we are, and all transmuted for twelve generations or a little less, in the chilly crucible of New England.

Perhaps the land we live in has helped to form us; these silent rugged hills call forth a manhood only a little less silent, and as rugged as human flesh can very well be. Here are few of those teeming factories where hundreds made in the image of God crowd together like chattering monkeys for the service of machines. Solitary the farmer struggles in his fields; and even the

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stonecutter with his mallet or his pneumatic drill weaves a cocoon of uproar and labors alone in its heart, pale and intent.

The hullabaloo of the industrial age comes very faintly, swelling from the South across these rocky highlands. Day by day we send down its insatiable gullet a river of milk; in early morning and after sunset you may see morose-looking, overall-clad men extracting this votive offering from the restless cattle in ten thousand barns. It goes out with the enormous milk trains, coasting down to Burlington; and only the clattering cans come back—the cans and the monthly check. Our blocks of granite also go, and are lost even more completely, for not even a can is returned to tell, if it had a tongue, what happens in the smoky cities far away.

We also export, from time to time, our sons. No one in this sad North dares laugh at the gauche sentimentality of a favorite picture called Breaking Home Ties; for it portrays a minor tragedy which is forever happening to us. The favorite, the one who got the best marks in school, is always the one who must be laid upon the altar of this implacable South. He goes away, his honest young face shining with soap and excitement, his ears, very likely, sticking out under his black felt hat as though already cocked forward for the first rumbles of the echoing great world; and back in the farmhouse kitchen on the mill road, his mother spoils the frying potatoes with her rebellious tears.

She knows, quite rightly, that he is gone forever. From time to time through the years a person will return who claims to be this son and will call the members of the family by their names. But he is an imposter, a city stranger, smoothly clad and barbered, fidgety because he must break the ice in the pitcher when he washes his hands, annoyed that the New York newspapers are twenty-seven hours old when they arrive, inclined to grumble because Tillie MacGregor, the good-hearted day operator of the village telephone exchange goes to pieces under the nervous strain of putting through a long-distance call to Kansas City.

One must be fair to this returning stranger; one must admit that he seems personable and no doubt deserves the affections of the friends he appears to possess down South in New York. But he is not the boy who tramped the lanes barefooted and bareheaded in the summer sunset, driving the cattle up from the lower meadow. Some of the granite has gone out of him.

To be sure, such folk as this are no novelty in Vermont. They are the backbone of the great summer invasion which is the leading event in our lives nowadays. Never a farmhouse is so remote, so preoccupied with the cyclic struggle to make the earth produce, that it does not thrill to the advent of the summer visitor. In early spring and late fall, the automobiles which bounce along our rutted, boulder-infested roads, carry Vermont license plates, and are almost entirely the product of a gentleman in Detroit whose mechanical ideas are as praiseworthy as his notions on other matters are queer. In midsummer, however, our own modest cars are almost crowded off the road by the huge deep-sea-going limousines of the vacationists, who have fled before the heat as though it were a forest fire advancing north across the whole Atlantic seaboard in early June.

We who are native to the place look upon this annual visitation with a perpetual question in our puzzled eyes: How is it possible for anyone to be so preternaturally stupid and yet possess so much money? By any standard of the North these folk are weaklings. They cannot pitch hay; they are grossly ignorant of every process of farm life; they are not shrewd, for they pay without a word whatever price is demanded of them—yet they have the limousines and we have not, and from the pockets of their men folk come inexhaustible wads and wads of green or yellow bills, a magic supply.

The very cap on the insanity of these queer migratory humans is their devotion to the game of golf. They have bought old man Snodgrass's upper pasture, which was too rough and hilly to be much use anyhow, and have turned it into a golf course with holes and flags and a shack they call the clubhouse. These men and women who come up for a few weeks each year, some of them only for a handful of week-ends, have paid their own good money in large amounts to turn a pasture into the scene of such folderol as the sober hills of Vermont have never looked down upon since the Green Mountain boys first gathered to defy the tyrannous oppression of Albany.

It has not always been so. Time was when the summer visitors—the preliminary trickle which foreran the torrent of today—went canoeing on the lake, danced Saturday nights in the town hall, took walks across the hillsides, eating their lunches on some bold outcrop of rock looking far down upon the peaceful, busy valley.

But today it is golf. Not even the sturdiest farmer will take the trouble any more to snicker behind a calloused palm at a man wearing those knickers which once deserved and received the scornful appellation: "panties." Instead, these dreadful garments are on sale in the village general store, which also purveys all the other paraphernalia of this sport, as Vermont regards it, of nincompoops. The boarding-house down by the lake shore has broad and hospitable porches where once the ladies rocked and gossiped, with their offspring rolling on the grass nearby. Today every woman with two feet to stand on is standing on them over in old man Snodgrass's translated pasture, methodically and earnestly engaged in slicing her drives, digging up the turf on her

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mashie shots and overshooting her putts, from eight a. m. until dinner time, with a feverish hour of abstinence at noon during which to eat and talk golf to one's table-mates.

To Vermont, halting its Ford in the road near-by and turning a quizzical gaze upon these antics, they seem mere madness and not even a very interesting variety. Vermont can well understand being ill and obliged to take exercise under a doctor's orders. Indeed, being ill is part of the routine of every well ordered country life; for we have the worst cooking and the hardest lime-drowned water in the world. In combination, they would turn an ostrich into a nervous hypochondriac in a fortnight; and they are the cause of more domestic infelicity than all other inciting agents combined. The true son of Vermont knows very well that when one is run-down it is sometimes necessary to take exercise. This means doing things with Indian clubs by your bedside in the chill dawn; but as for spending a morning, an afternoon, a day, a week, a month tramping about the late property of Mr. Snodgrass whacking at a dirty white ball with a stick—the heart of this mystery is not to be plucked out by any reasonable man.

Were it not for one thing, Vermont would hardly realize that the summer boarder, in this latter-day golfomaniac phase, is mortal at all. It is the almost-social intercourse of an evening in the general store that rescues him for humanity.

Long ago, the village consisted of the general store and the livery stable. Today it consists of the general store and the garage, plus, from the day of the first dandelion until the day the snow flies again, the tea-room up on the hill in the old Oliphant place. The tea-room might as well be in Albuquerque, for all the use we natives make of it. We eat our meals at home; if mother is ill, we consume canned beans, and if necessity requires a meal off the premises, it is cold meat sandwiches put up in a carefully washed lard pail. The garage is almost as foreign as the tea-room; the true sons of Vermont will never learn to lounge in groups before its door as they did when the livery stable was still extant.

The general store remains the village club. Its odor is unique, compounded of plug tobacco, stale chocolate marshallow bars, new rubber boots and cotton cloth. Old Mr. Prendergast, hobbling sourly about; his son Alex, hurrying back and forth with nimble cheerfulness; Alex's wife from down Burlington way, who is still a stranger, having lived among us only eight years—these are the club attendants who help us to feel properly at home, to recognize the great privilege of life in a village containing such a marvelous institution as a store which in one small room sells magazines and ice-cream soda, bathing suits and bacon, work harness and straw hats, shotguns and patent medicine, picture postcards and fresh vegetables, men's clothing and stationery, eggs and umbrellas. Perhaps "sells" is too strong a word; "keeps" would be fairer, for while one small part of the stock turns over with the most dizzying rapidity, most of it seems to be settled on the Prendergast shelves for life.

In the winter, the long bitter grapple with the demon of cold of which the golfing fiends from New York know nothing, we have the store all to ourselves. In summer, an occasional visitor who has not exhausted himself to the point of stupefaction with his golf, comes in for a bottle of citronella or a box of bicarbonate of soda with which to counteract the effects of the sour bread, and there is sometimes an exchange of views—timid at first and then becoming bolder as we recognize our mutual human frailty of intellect. The weather seems uncommon cool for this time of year; these railroad men ought to find some way to settle their troubles without tying up the trains and inconveniencing a lot of passengers; this fellow Harding seems to mean real well, but he isn't the man Teddy Roosevelt was; lots of people have started drinking since prohibition that never used to touch a thing.

Seen at this close range, the summer visitor is astonishingly like ourselves. He reads a New York paper instead of one from Burlington or Montpelier, but he professes, just as we do, that you can't believe a tenth of all the stuff you see in print. His small son wears an Oliver Twist suit and a Dutch cut; but he wheedles out his dime just as our Vermont boys, in overalls and straw hat and shingled hair, wheedle out their nickels. Both fathers begin with the announcement that not a cent is to be forthcoming; both eventually make payment with the admonition that no more may be demanded until Saturday. Both are equally unable to conceal a grin when describing the charming iniquities of their offspring.

These evidences of our common humanity ought perhaps to weaken the Vermonter's conviction that a gulf is fixed between himself and these soft-handed, over-fat and pudgy visitors who migrate north with the robins and leave before the first frost. But they do not. As we rattle over the granite-bound roads in farm wagon or Ford we gaze with pitying conscious virility at the tweed-clad figure with its golf-bag and its cap.

Ours is a pride too deep for arrogance; a pride nourished on the belief that something remains here of an old Americanism which has been extinguished in the softer country of the South—a pioneering Americanism which has harnessed a continent and spent itself and now is all but gone. We cannot speak of this; we are as mute as our hills. We could only tell you that we live life as we find it. If you would learn more, you must read it for yourself in the glance of these bright, restless eyes.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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The White Terror of France

TOWARD noon on Sunday, the 14th of January, a group of a dozen or more young men appeared at a street corner on one of the main boulevards of Paris and began offering to passersby copies of a Paris daily newspaper, the Action Française. A young workingman, wearing a military medal and the Croix de Guerre, came along on his way to enjoy a Sunday dinner with some friends in the suburbs. He was offered a copy of the paper but respectfully declined it. Thereupon the gang set upon him, knocked him down and beat him over the head with loaded canes until the blood flowed. A man of sixty-three who had the courage to go to his aid met a similar fate. When the police, attracted by the disturbance, arrived on the scene they, too, were attacked, and only after a fight were six or seven of the assailants arrested and taken to the police station, where, after giving their names and addresses, they were all released.

On the evening of the same day another young ruffian, who had been arrested for brutally assaulting a citizen who had posted on walls and billboards copies of a poster attacking the leader of an organization known as the Action Française (the newspaper is the organ of the society with the same name), was also released, although he was found, when searched by the police, to be carrying a loaded rubber billy, brass knuckles and a knife.

Most events have their sequel, and the sequel in this case was not long in following. On the afternoon of Monday, January 22nd, a young woman, later identified as a well-known anarchist, entered the office of the Action Française society, and at the close of a short interview with the general secretary of the organization shot him dead and then made an unsuccessful attempt to kill herself. In her statement to the police she admitted that she had made a mistake in her victim, the person whom she had wished to kill being M. Léon Daudet, the head of the society and one of the editors of its newspaper organ. That evening members of the Action Française raided the offices and printing plants of three daily newspapers, two of them liberal journals and the other the organ of the General Labor Confederation (the anti-Communist labor organization in France), broke up the furniture, smashed the linotype machines and left the premises a wreck. A dozen arrests were made by the police, and this time some of the persons arrested were held.

What is the meaning of these things, happening openly in Paris at the moment when French troops are attempting to collect unpaid reparations from Germany by occupying the Ruhr? What is the Action Française? Who is Léon Daudet?

The organization known as the Action Française is the driving force of a nation-wide movement which has for its avowed object the restoration of the monarchy in France. Its membership, running well into the thousands, extends to almost all parts of the country, and its numerous local branches, directed from the Paris headquarters, carry on an active and aggressive campaign of public and private meetings, lectures and political demonstrations and agitation. The source of its funds, which appear to be abundant, is not fully known, but its support is generally believed to be derived in considerable part from the contributions of the French nobility who have never ceased to regret the change to a republic, and from political or other interests which either fear the power of the organization or are willing to use it for their purposes.

Within the Action Française, and acting as its agent of publicity and attack, is another organization known as the Camelots du Roi, young men who go about in bands, generally armed, and busy themselves with tearing down the posted announcements or banners of political opponents, breaking up political meetings, destroying copies of radical or Communist journals, and assaulting individuals who, like the hapless victims of the Sunday noon attack, decline to do whatever the gang may demand. A few months ago a hundred or more of them invaded a public meeting assembled under the auspices of a liberal—not radical—political organization directed by a well-known member of the Chamber of Deputies, rotten-egged and then assaulted the speakers, drove the audience into the street, engaged in a free fight with the police, and marched away triumphant leaving some forty men and women victims to be cared for by physicians or friends. Now they are assaulting citizens on the boulevards, wrecking newspaper offices, and announcing a general clean-up of their opponents.

Léon Daudet, the head of the organization and the idol of the Camelots du Roi, enjoys a certain literary and social prestige as the son of Alphonse Daudet, the famous writer and the creator of Tartarin of Tarascon. Daudet's literary achievements, however, aside from his work as an editor, have thus far been confined mainly to the writing of some of the most obscene novels that have lately been produced in France, and one of his latest outrages upon decency he has been forced, it is said under pressure from Catholic authorities, publicly to repudiate and to strike from the published list of his writings, although not, it should be noted, until after the work had had a profitable sale. His influence in France, however, comes from the fact that he is, and for some years has been, the real controlling power in politics. France, which placards every public building with the famous legend "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," has

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a political boss whose methods and success would put to shame the worst type of political dictator that the United States has ever known, and his name is Léon Daudet, member from Paris of the Chamber of Deputies, political agent of the French royalists, moving spirit of the Action Française and the terrorizing gangs of the Camelots du Roi.

The record of Daudet and his associates is a dark one. It was the Action Française that contrived the assassination, less than six years ago, of the great Socialist leader Jean Jaurès, defended the crime without equivocation or apology in the columns of its daily newspaper, and effectively shielded the assassin from punishment. It was the Action Française which led the fight in Parliament and in the country a little later against the French premier Joseph Caillaux and his minister Malvy, on allegations of disloyalty which few persons in France except the Daudet partisans now believe to have had any foundation. Malvy, who was exiled and went to Spain, was relatively unimportant, but some of the shrewdest political prophets in France now predict that the expiration of the period of five years of seclusion which the Senate, after trying Caillaux upon one charge and convicting him upon another, imposed upon the one-time premier, will see Caillaux either the head of the French government or its directing force; and the period of seclusion has less than three years to run. Daudet does well to hasten his program; there will be little mercy for him if Caillaux returns to power.

The Action Française has clamored unceasingly for the French occupation of the Ruhr and the rupture of the Anglo-French entente. The Briand ministry was overthrown by Daudet and his followers, and the Poincaré ministry set up in its place, with no other purpose than to bring the occupation of the Ruhr about and dismember Germany for the political profit of France. The same malign power has just sent to prison the French Communist leader, Marcel Cachin, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, not for acts but for expressions of opinion, and it now proposes to harry out of the land not only the Communists but radicals and liberals of every stripe. Nor is it liberals and radicals, more or less under suspicion in all countries at the present time, who are in danger from the Daudet forces. No less distinguished and politically conservative a person than the Marquis de Lubersac, a member of the Senate, the active head of the great cooperative movement which has accomplished so much in the restoration of the invaded departments, and the negotiator of the recent accord with Herr Stinnes for the payment of reparations in part in building materials and other German products, finds himself scandalously denounced as an enemy of France and a mischievous promoter of German designs.

The parliamentary agency through which Daudet and his followers carry out their program is the curious party agglomeration known as the Bloc National. This loose and somewhat irregular assemblage of parties, overwhelmingly reactionary but including nevertheless some factions which call themselves Socialists, is the degenerate survivor of the famous union sacrée into which all parties entered in 1914 for the prosecution of the war. Over its heterogeneous membership, thickly sprinkled with unpunished war profiteers and numbering in the Chamber of Deputies more than two thirds of the house, Daudet wields a despotic control. Standing in his place in the tribune from which all parliamentary orators speak, and pouring out a torrent of words from which coarse invective and vulgarity are seldom absent, Daudet openly attacks the government and its chief whenever they show signs of weakening in their pursuit of Germany or in their attacks upon radicals, threatens them with defeat if they do not conform, and swings into line a majority which has as yet no other recognized leader and is safe in its seats until the next election. And when, to clinch the matter, he summons a public meeting which shall declare "the mind of France," the largest hall in Paris, the barnlike Salle Wagram, is crowded to suffocation with an audience which cheers to the echo every attack upon the government policy, shouts itself hoarse with "Down with the Republic!" and "Vive le Roi!" and overflows into the street to cheer and shout again.

This is the actual political situation at the moment in France. It is a situation which should not be lost sight of whenever or wherever the course of France in international affairs is discussed. The official voice which speaks for France is the voice of M. Poincaré, but the hands which pull the strings are those of Léon Daudet and the Action Française. That the royalist government of the ancient house of Orléans will ever be restored may well be doubted, for the French royalists are few in number in comparison with the mass of those who believe in the republic; but the monarchist appeal is a dangerous one in a country where political emotion counts for much, and the more when it is used, as it is used brutally and lawlessly by Daudet and his associates, to repress free thought and free speech and keep alive every bitter memory and hate of the war. For radicals and liberals of all shades, however, the situation is one of a veritable "white terror," only thinly disguised by putting forward as prominent offenders the Communists, naturally the most aggressive dissenters from the established order. It is curiously indicative of the wide range of the present reaction and repression that the restoration of the monarchy, the destruction of Germany, and the removal of all restrictions now imposed by law upon the Catholic church in France should, in the movement which Daudet directs and the Camelots du Roi support with loaded canes and blackjacks, go hand in hand.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

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Notes

Beef, Iron and Wine

ANYBODY who doubts that people go to the theatre for theatre and not for actuality, should see Rain. Rain takes the actual, the people, place, bottles, weather, food, clothes, and uses all for its purposes; it paddles in thought and theory too; but it remains theatrical meat with a vengeance, theatrical force, theatrical thrills. On an island in the South Seas the people, delayed by the boat, gather at the inn. There is a missionary and his wife, a prostitute, an American marine, a Nietzschean host, his fat wife and many other persons on and off the scene. In the end the missionary, after converting the prostitute and persuading her to expiate her sins in prison, falls in love with her himself, and, after abandoning himself to his passion, rushes out and cuts his throat. And the girl, disillusioned and set straight in her wits by Reverend Davidson's defection, goes off to marry the marine. This is not only theatrical meat but raw meat, laid on thick, underscored, thrown in devastating slabs at our feet. The audience rejoices.

From another angle Rain is an astonishing start toward an original and powerful play. The use of the gramophone, which the girl carries about with her and which we hear from her room now and again when she is lonely or at bay in her own breast, is a pathetic and sharp device and well employed. The effect of the fanatical mind of the missionary on the bewildered and wretched girl is full of dramatic resource; and the details of the relation of the marine to her are clear and happy. The motive of the rain drumming through the entire play is workable enough. The continuous and compelling suspense contrived would make the fortune of almost any play. But the effect on the girl's mind of the fanatical mind of the missionary does not emerge until rather suddenly; there is here, as in much of the play, a lack of real comment on the situation, of real revelation, there are too many speeches that are striking and high colored but that lose time and tell nothing but themselves. And for the suspense the play turns on a combination of a particular place and circumstance with characters and states of mind; but the suspense created turns almost entirely on incident rather than on idea; it merely keeps us waiting in our chairs in a kind of animal suspension. And the motive of the rain is managed, so far as the production goes, without either symbolic, conventional or realistic success; only the actors' constant remarks upon it make this rain begin to press on our nerves. What we see is water pouring down from the edge of a porch line in the set; the palms and banana leaves just beyond sustain a complete serenity, they rest there dry and unshaken by the stage waterworks; and the distant sea and mountains are only made the jollier by these drops of water shining in the limelight. Nevertheless this progress of broadly sketched raw characters and ideas and human encounters from start to finish keeps up some sort of hold on your attention. You sit through the performance worn down somewhat by the lurid padding between the hot events and sometimes abashed at having to countenance such platitudes and exaggerations and freshly slaughtered cuts of thought, but you sit nevertheless.

What Miss Jeanne Eagels lacks, so far, is the security of technique to make it easy to see always what she means to say about the character she acts. In the first scene, most of all, this is true. The girl comes in with her friends the marines and is noisy, high-spirited, one of the boys; she is reckless, rowdy, generous, kind. As Miss Eagels plays the scene you get the sense of a certain false note, an overplay of humor, fellowship, noise. Either the girl is forcing, trying to keep up her own spirits and the spirit of the occasion, or Miss Eagels is forcing in an effort to keep up the spirit of the scene. It may very well be the girl that is forcing the moment, but there ought not to be any doubt one way or another in our minds. This is a defect that we see everywhere in our theatres, the actors have not learned a technical craft that enables them to indicate precisely just what position they mean to take about a character or a scene. But Miss Eagels has pathos and a wit of her own, and an oddly likable and wistful effect of naturalness. And she has from the moment she comes on the stage the gift for being entertaining, which is at the bottom of all good acting everywhere. You like to have her on the stage no matter what she does.

The God of Vengeance

Sholom Asch's tragedy is written around a Jewish father who keeps a brothel. He has married one of the inmates and is the father of a daughter whose chastity has become the one dream of his life. He has had a holy scroll made at great expense to keep his home from evil. But his daughter is finally enticed away. When she returns she and her mother are driven out by her father's violence.

The play has a good line, a clear pattern working from start to finish. But too much of it lacks all taste and is excessively overstated. And the company's acting except for two or three parts—Miss Stockton's wife especially—is pretty impossible, not to say, in the case of the young brothel ladies, Basha and Reizel, stupid, foolish and false. What makes the whole occasion worthwhile is the art of Rudolph Schildkraut. You watch this actor from the beginning to the end of the play; his piety, his confusion, his aspiration and despair, his humility and ugliness and paternal devotion and violence, all are rendered with absolute truth. It is not a part that calls for any elegance or style or distinction or for the forms of intellectual and visual beauty; and how much of these Mr. Schildkraut has I have never seen him elsewhere to know. Nor can I judge without seeing him surrounded by a company that in some way competes with him, how much he can become a part of a performance instead of wholly dominating it. But I cannot imagine intensity and complete naturalism going a step further toward perfection than Mr. Schildkraut carries it.

Why Not?

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's play is so much better than most of the plays in town that is seems ungrateful not to let it pass for great comedy and be done with the matter. It has running through it an entertaining and pointed idea on the subject of the divorce laws; and there are many clever and witty and sometimes brilliant lines. It portrays reactions that involve the subtlety that we meet daily in our lives, instead of the twelve year old reactions of the usual Broadway drama. And the people in it are people with intimate and lively problems confronting them, instead of the usual cardboard walls to scale and lilac time passions to be quelled till the last act. And for all this Why Not? deserves an ovation.

But judged by itself, by its own standards, Why Not?

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is hit and miss. Really witty lines and episodes are followed by humor that is journalistic and heavily laid on, and the high comic spirit sags from very consummate bits all the way down to sentiment and mere joking. One might argue that the society that Mr. Williams has to portray is an unequal material for high comedy; which is no doubt true. But the result is the same. There is in this piece no one bath of humor enlightening the entire play in all its motives and incidents. There is no single choiceness, no brittle distinction of insight. There is no conviction of a centre, a point-of-view that would unify the atmosphere and would make these deviations in mood and taste impossible. And in that sense Why Not? is by no means important comedy.

The acting in Mr. Williams's play taken by itself would prevent any impression of distinguished social comedy. Mr. Cecil Yapp as the conventional family cousin and lawyer knows how to approach his points. And Miss Norma Mitchell plays her bold-minded and well-bred spinster aunt very well indeed. But neither Mr. Tom Powers nor Miss Jane Grey are suited to this sort of comedy. Mr. Powers's whole method is casual. He flows into a scene with no effort apparently, but nothing he does has any edge or flavor of dramatic necessity. And Mr. Powers's English and Miss Grey's misplaced voice, like a muffled flute, kill such comedy; since epigrams and clever dialogue are distinct forms of theatrical art and demand a special attack both in tempo and in precision of tone, enunciation, manner and gesture. The quality of social comedy can never come off unless the actors have the technique—as well as the conception—to indicate their own witty comment on the author's points and to create a witty and exact region of their own around the words and characters.

STARK YOUNG.

A COMMUNICATION

The Shopmen's Strike: A Serious Situation

SIR: It can be conclusively demonstrated that the fight against the Railway Shopmen has cost the railroads $600,000,000. This sum, of course, will be met directly or indirectly by the public. What it has cost the shopmen, their organizations, their wives and children, cannot be estimated. Something of what it is costing them now can be told and should be known. There are approximately 200,000 still out of the positions held by them with the railroads which have not settled with the men. The record of their sacrifices for what they believe to be a principle is a very remarkable story. It can only by fully appreciated by those who have come into close first hand contact with it. I shall never forget an interview with one of the older men in Birmingham, Alabama. Standing just outside the doorway of the room where the little children and their parents were gathered around the Christmas tree, I opened up conversation with a workingman. I asked if he was one of the shopmen, and in his slow, Southern drawl this was the substance of his reply: "I've been workin' for the L. & N. twenty years. I was just beginnin' to feel comfortable about the future and was buying a home just outside the gates of the L. & N. shops. They are trying in every way to force me to come back. I don't know how I'm goin' to meet the nex' payment on my little house, but I know I ain't goin' to give up my principles and I ain't gon'na go back on the other fellows." I remember so clearly the fine face of Fred Ross, the young chairman of the striking shopmen in Portland, Oregon. Before the strike he was on the way to promotion. I met him several times in the Labor Temple during the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The use of the Temple had been freely extended to the General Convention and a number of church organizations met there daily. In order to reach these meetings one had to pass by the windows of the commissary where food and clothing were furnished to the families of the shopmen. It was a meagre little commissary, barely able to tide over the minimum needs of those who were suffering, and still are. A few days after I left, I read that Fred Ross had been arrested on one of the many charges of violence for which hundreds of the shopmen have been imprisoned. This is one of the heaviest burdens and most difficult problems which the men and their organizations have to face, namely, false arrests, imprisonment, and the fabulously exorbitant bails that have been required.

Following the alleged confession of a man who has since been proven to be a company spy, one shopman was arrested and his bail fixed at $45,000; this despite the fact that no one was injured by the alleged act and the property damage was very small. In one place in Illinois, 45 cases of alleged violence of the injunction against the shopmen have been filed. The cost of bail, court trial and maintenance of families of the men on trial has been very, very heavy.

The physical suffering of the women and children is great. In one place I found that there was no coal—and but little food—in homes where six hundred people were living.

Here is a brief extract from a personal letter of one of the officials: "Take for instance, in this city we have 1,750 men still on strike. No funds other than the small amount contributed by the local unions in this city have been received from any sources for more than twelve weeks. We operated a commissary until about two weeks ago, by which we were able to stretch what little money was available for relief purposes as far as possible. Despite the fact that only about $125 per week was needed to keep this in operation, we were obliged to suspend it until further funds are available. In the meantime the strikers themselves, out of their meagre earnings, are doing their best to take care of their fellow men less fortunate, until a just and equitable settlement of the strike is effected. This, I believe, is the situation in nearly all the railroad centres on roads where no settlements have been reached."

The case of the railway shopmen is, in several ways, a unique and pivotal one in the realm of industrial disputes. This is strikingly emphasized by one outstanding fact, that the railroads which have refused so far to settle with their men have been openly condemned by eminent railway executives of other railroads, as well as by the action of these latter roads in reaching a settlement. If, therefore, the men who are contending against the railroads on which no settlement has been reached lose now, it will be not only the loss of their cause, for which they have made such terrific sacrifices, but it will mean the triumph of the policy of the less liberal, humane and just railway executives.

The issue will probably be settled one way or the other within the next two months. Those who have close contact with the situation know that the railway executives

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believe the shopmen can hold out but a few weeks longer. On the other hand, the leaders of the shopmen are confident that if they can last these few weeks, the railroads will be compelled to reach a settlement, because of the inefficiency and the inadequacy of the work being done by the strikebreakers in the shops. It cannot be denied that the shopmen have come practically to the end of their resources and that unless there is substantial assistance almost immediately, they cannot meet the situation.

It is because of my knowledge of the facts and because the appeal has come to me directly, that I am taking the liberty of making this very imperfect statement through the columns of your paper. One of the leaders in this struggle says, in a recent personal letter, "No doubt but that you are in contact with many people who have a vision of social and industrial peace and democracy and who have enough faith in the efforts of the workers to be willing to assist them in this struggle."

Those who wish to contribute may send their cheques either through me or to Mr. Clinton S. Golden, International Association of Machinists, Room 400, Machinists Building, 13th & Spring Garden Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Communications or cheques sent to me should be addressed: 1130 5th Avenue, New York City.

RICHARD W. HOGUE.

New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Misery of Germany

SIR: Many of our old friends from the United States found their way to us as soon as there was a way. They came honestly wishing to find out how things were with us, ready to correct any wrong ideas they brought with them. But most of them have neither time nor opportunity to look through appearances to the sad truth and I am afraid very few have any idea to what degree of proletarian life we are sunken. We receive you in our home built in peace, furnished in peace. How attractive it looks. Of course you do not miss the piano. There was one up to last spring, then it went and the money it brought furnished living for about half a year. A fire makes you warm and comfortable; you do not know that it is the only fire burning in the house and even it is not allowed to burn every day. You are served an attractive dinner, the silver is shining, the porcelain represents a small fortune. You are asked if you prefer red or white wine and after dinner your host brings out cigars. Did you notice that he himself is a pipe smoker? Did you see that the wine was not opened when you said you preferred tea and there was not a little shade of contentment on your hostess's face when you turned out to be non-alcoholic? This little dinner given in your honor costs as much as the family weekly living.

We all of us never tire of telling of the misery of Germany, but most of us are ashamed to show our individual poverty. A pair of woolen stockings, a resoling of shoes, a table cloth, a cooking pan, these simplest things are impossible; they cannot be bought from the family income. So one piece after another of the porcelain you were admiring, of the silver held in honor for generations will go the way of the piano. Let me give you as examples a few typical cases taken from the once wealthy intellectual set of Berlin:

Old Aunt Mary. Her capital was a gold million and all her life she had all the money she wanted and more. Now she has not enough to pay her rent. She lives in one of the best quarters of the city in an apartment with her old servants who have been with her all her life. She cares for them and they care for her in both senses of the word. A few years ago she was forced to let a part of the dear old rooms and it was a terrible moment in Auntie's life when strangers made themselves at home in her father's and mother's red velvet chairs. But the money from the strangers helped a bit. I saw her a few days ago. With the calmness of one who is without hope she said, "Taking the prices of today as stable, I can still live for two or three months. I am praying God to take me away before that time is over; it would be dreadful to have to do that business yourself."

My friend the little doctor. Long years of service have brought him many, many friends among rich and poor, but no riches, and now he has nothing to live upon but his income. This is not sufficient to keep his family from starving. He must therefore leave the profession he loves and after fifty years of practice begin anew as a merchant. This clever and intelligent man can no longer do the work that he loves and is trained to do; he must throw away his only capital and make a fresh start.

Yesterday our friend the high official died of poverty. Government salaries are always modest and the most artful arithmetic is necessary in order to make them cover the cost of living. Our friend was unmarried and so received the bachelor's salary. In spite of this he supported his widowed sister and her two children, and when he had to choose between letting them starve or starving himself he chose the latter. Had he been young he might have withstood the hardship but he was over fifty and not robust.

Last week another friend committed suicide. We all knew why he took the overdose that gave him his long sleep. He belonged to an old rich Berlin family. He lived simply, giving away half of his income. Not being able to do this any more; nor being willing to accept a position the income from which would have supported his own life, when so many many around him were anxious for work, he said goodby to his friends, leaving to them the books and pictures that had been his joy for many years. And now these friends wonder if it would not be better to follow his example instead of continuing the struggle for life—a struggle for a life that gets harder every day, more hopeless every day and soon possible only to the young and strong, to the young who are not laden with the weight of remembrances sweet and bitter; who were born too late for any knowledge of an old time culture.

BERTA KUCZYNSKI.

Berlin, Germany.

The Church and International Politics

SIR: As a minister of the Christian Church permit to say that I have read with delight your trenchant criticism of the course which the religious leaders of America are taking in regard to the present European situation. The churches of our country can have no more helpful discipline than still more criticism of the same kind.

Our great churchmen have not spoken definitely on conditions in Europe, because they are waiting to see which way public sentiment will turn. If the cause of France proves to be popular, we may expect a ringing declaration that the conscience of America stands united for the interests of a sister republic which is seeking a scant measure of justice. If on the other hand the French action stirs American sentiment, our great preachers will declare that much as we love France, we must deplore the actions of the French military caste which in no true sense represents the spirit of the French people. If public sentiment continues divided, the Federal Council of the Churches of America will say nothing.

I have had every opportunity to see the workings of ecclesiastical politics from the inside, and I can say without fear of contradiction that the ambitious churchman will think twice before he takes sides on the unpopular side of a hotly debated question. We have plenty of theological liberalism in the churches, and no one is concerned about that. But the staunchest of these "liberals" will hesitate to carry his liberalism into the field of international politics.

A real service would be rendered to the church if the twelve most loud-voiced preachers of our country were forced to take an unequivocal stand on the present issue. As it is, they will probably vindicate the cause of "liberalism" by discussing the date of Hebrew documents which were written ages ago, or by arousing a new debate on the doctrinal subtleties which were the delight of the Middle Ages. The chances are that on the great and burning issue of the hour these preachers of righteousness will preserve an eloquent and dignified silence—until they have discovered which way it is safe to jump.

HENRY SEVERANCE WHITE.

Somerville, Massachusetts.

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Mr. Hoover's Individualism

American Individualism, by Herbert Hoover. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.00.

MR. HOOVER is one of the very few who have emerged from the World War with any credit to human nature; and though his glory has been somewhat dimmed by the frailties of his presidential campaign in 1920 and by outbursts of intemperate words which he injected into his good deeds in Russia, he is still the most significant character in our public life. For there can be little doubt that our rulers will in the future be drawn more and more from the class that he represents, viz., the engineers. Indeed, it seems at first most amazing that a civilization so fundamentally dependent on the physical scientists and engineers should so long have continued to be governed by professional diplomats, lawyers and financiers. But our amazement at this diminishes when we reflect that human nature is still a factor in human affairs and that the training of the engineer has not as yet, despite cheap cant about social psychology and motivation, prepared the engineer to replace those who, with less knowledge of the material facts, have a better prophetic sense of what will go with multitudes of men. Thus it is that the Lloyd Georges have proved superior to the Kitcheners. Still, though technical ability alone can never elevate a man to supreme leadership, it is to be expected that, as the engineering profession expands, more of its members will find their training a great advantage in the struggle for the rulership of human affairs. Will the engineer then bring with him the mathematical accuracy and the scrupulous regard for actual facts which his training and occupation make him exercise in the management of material things? If you think an affirmative answer to this is self-evident, you will do well to read Mr. Hoover's book most attentively.

Haziness about the meaning of fundamental ideas such as individualism, carelessness in making assertions of fact, and, what is worse, an ungenerous disinclination to consider whether our opponents might not be honest and possessed of some intelligence, are things that we have grown to expect of the ordinary Fourth of July oration. It is painfully surprising to find them in one who has shown a remarkable combination of perspicacity and human sympathy in the organization of vast systems of relief, as well as the qualities of a careful scholar in his book on Agricola. I, for one, have no quarrel with the usual Fourth of July oratory. It is a real service to people and it compensates them for the dreary drudgery of life to be told that they alone have the right system of government, philosophy, etc. But Mr. Hoover intimates that it is only demagogues who feed the mob with emotional phrases (p. 325). True leadership is of the intellect, deliberate consideration, etc. (p. 25). Judged by the latter standard, we have a right to demand that Mr. Hoover attach some definite meaning to words like individualism and equality of opportunity, that he define or throw some light on the issue between individualism and socialism rather than merely add to the plentiful amount of heated utterance. But, alas, Mr. Hoover has never deigned to read any of the classical works on socialism which he so vehemently rejects—witness his silly argument (p. 17) that all breeds of socialism "contemplate a motivation of human animals by altruism alone." (Shades of Karl Marx and the economic interpretation of history!)

Mr. Hoover identifies individualism with the force which colonized this country and has been its primary force for three centuries (pp. 63, 66). I wonder whether he means to include in individualism the puritan theocracy with its fierce intolerance of forms of morals or worship other than its own, or the old Southern squirearchy dating back to Governor Berkeley's gratitude to God that there were no free schools or printing presses in Virginia? Can it be that Mr. Hoover is so ignorant of United States history as to ignore the fact that political equality, manhood suffrage, etc. are not older than Jacksonian democracy, which came only with the opening of the West in the nineteenth century, and that equality of opportunity has not yet been extended to ten million colored men? Mr. Hoover's instincts, at least, are wiser than his orthodox professions, and he rejects the identification of individualism with the old laissez faire which dominated orthodox thought in this country up to the days of Theodore Roosevelt and even beyond.

In the section called Philosophic Grounds Mr. Hoover begins bravely enough by laying it down as an axiom that intelligence, character, etc. "do not lie in agreements in organizations, in institutions, in masses or in groups. They abide alone (!) in the individual mind and heart" (p. 14). But a little reflection enables one to see that civilization rests on accumulated group experience, that the intelligence of the individual, the language he uses, the ideas which he imbibes, the ideals which he cherishes or tries to imitate, his manners and morals, do depend on the group in which he lives and on the institutions of his country. Organized or group action is therefore not necessarily antagonistic to individual initiative or development. It may be the only effective way of giving it expression. Indeed, in view of many of Mr. Hoover's strictures on the old conception of individualism as laissez faire, his insistence that no civilization can rest on unrestrained self-interest, it would not be difficult for the counsel of the Lusk Committee to make excerpts which will convict this booklet of being socialistic. But when fervid patriots denounce free seeds to farmers as socialism and see no objection to subsidies for ship owners, when individualism is held compatible with high protective tariffs but not with minimum wage legislation, it is as clear as a pike staff that the popular use of the words individualism and socialism denotes nothing beyond an emotional explosion of approval or disapproval, depending on whose ox is gored. Under these circumstances, it is useless to assert that we must be willing to experiment "in the remedy of our social fault" (p. 70) and then block it with the blind dogma that the vexed problems of economic and social life "can be solved within our social theme (!) and under no other system" (p. 71).

A few illustrations may not be amiss to show that Mr. Hoover is as unfortunate in his statements of fact as in his speculative generalizations. I pass over the flat assertion that "none of us is either hungry or cold or without a place to lay his head" (p. 33). Mr. Hoover himself refutes it in part when, on a subsequent occasion, he speaks of children in this country who are undernourished and overworked. (The number of them may be much larger than Mr. Hoover guesses.) Recent experience, also, will enable every reader of the New Republic to judge the statement that the United States has succeeded beyond all others in keeping open the channels of free speech (p. 51). To Mr. Hoover's assertion that we have given more to Europe than we have received from it (p. 11), it is sufficient to utter the words literature, art, science, philosophy or spiritual teachings. When Mr. Hoover says "taxation

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will reduce relatively excessive individual accumulations" (p. 39) he is paying little attention to the taxation policies of the Republican administration of which he is a part. Nor is it true that small stockholders control our great corporations. The history of the New Haven is still fresh in people's minds, and Judge Gary's autocracy in the steel industry is not an anomalous exception. Mr. Hoover swallows popular impressions and gives them out as facts just as he swallows the vulgar error that Frankenstein was a monster (p. 46) instead of an experimentalist who created one. As an engineer he surely could not get very far with such loose, unverified statements.

Devoid of responsible meaning also, are such statements as "the war itself in its last stages was a conflict of social philosophies" (p. 1). After the rejection of the peace offers of 1917 it was clear that France wished to crush Germany as Germany had wished to crush France—not much difference of social philosophy. Unfortunate also is the statement that socialism has "proved itself with rivers of blood and inconceivable misery to be an economic and spiritual fallacy" (p. 36). It is unfortunate because it enables the socialist to retort that *he* did not bring about the Great War and, indeed, that he was blamed for protesting against it. Nor did even the Russian Bolsheviki excel in invading the territory of former allies and in sending arms and ammunitions to promote civil war.

The inaccuracies thus culled from a thin booklet may not be of much inherent importance, but they are the little straws which show the currents which swamp even generous minds away from their moorings in commonsense. Even in this booklet Mr. Hoover amply shows that when he forgets the fear of radicalism he can say sensible things. The discipline of affairs enables men to excel in specific situations; but without the impartial reflection of the study they are the worst victims of doctrinaire phrases.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

The Drawings of Max Beerbohm

Rossetti and His Circle, by Max Beerbohm. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $6.00.

TO those who are born mature there is no development. Thus has Max Beerbohm paid the penalty for his gifts. Literature, savoring of Smollett and Rabelais, is no longer a belletristic occupation for gentle souls; and art, since the uncouth master of Provence uncovered the elemental nakedness of form, carries no message to such as love nocturnes, languid duchesses and the moonlight sleeping on some castle old in story. Beerbohm conceives life as quaint burlesque, literature as parody and art as comic egoism. Untouched by the realism of modernity, and happily, I may add, by its gross accompaniment, materialism, he regards the world with the identical vision of the sophisticated youth who wrote so brilliantly for the Yellow Book. It is true that in A Survey he depicted various aspects of the labor ordeal, but always through the reminiscent eye of his undergraduate days. It is nothing short of phenomenal that a man should preserve so purely, and with so blithe and subtle a stubbornness, the aestheticism of the Victorian period. Had he possessed the audacious fecundity of Kipling, he would have worked himself out long ago; yet here he is, scarcely turned fifty, sending from Rapallo a new "sheaf of drawings," as he would say. And these anachronisms deal entirely and intimately with a tradition of which he is a lingering remnant. They are entitled Rossetti and His Circle.

His latest work represents him in his most felicitous vein. Having returned to his natural home, the past, he makes Rossetti the hero and high priest of a series of imaginary Pre-Raphaelitic situations. The book is extraordinarily fascinating to a small audience—one must be pretty familiar with the life and times of Rossetti to understand its covert drolleries and delicate humor; and I dare say the most astute critics of the Continent would find it meaningless and rather insipid. Artistically the volume differs little from its predecessors. The drawing is more fluid and certain; the handling of line less ragged and amateurish; and the color harmonious and charming; but in many respects the work is more nearly allied with the modern pictorial cartoon than with caricature. The episodes unfold in a manner quite similar to the comic strip. To be sure the wit is highly refined, and the properties chosen with literary insight and exquisite taste —but there is the fat Rossetti, the protagonist of a comic sequence. This affinity not only explains the secret of Beerbohm's appeal, but also defines his position as an artist.

Caricature is intrinsically a form of linear expression. It is a summary record, set down in an eminently personalized manner according to the temperament of the draughtsman, of the physical character of the figure. Aesthetically it falls short of true art for the reason that it follows the human likeness even more literally than portraiture. The artist, using the figure as a motif, is at liberty to exaggerate and enlarge his forms to the limit of his creative strength—his aim is to construct an order in which the parts are consistently related; the caricaturist, seizing upon the prominent features of his model, emphasizes them for satiric poignancy. This branch of drawing is concerned primarily with the face, and is most effective when limited to pure outline—the tonal areas employed in blocking out the rest of the figure are whimsical conventions.

It is not my purpose to survey the subject historically, but it will be well to point out that caricature is not the aesthetic basis of the valid work of Hogarth, Goya, and Daumier. Hogarth was an obscene satirist who occasionally composed in line; most of Goya's models were caricatures to begin with, but it was his knowledge of the tectonic value of light and dark masses that lifted his etchings into the realm of art; and Daumier was one of the greatest draughtsman since the Renaissance—he used line in the sculptural sense, as a rhythmical adjustment of boundaries to suggest the palpable expansion of form.

The caricatures of Beerbohm have no plastic significance. Divested of their literary embellishments, they would have nothing to justify their existence. His drawing is arbitrary and conceited; he applies color as a tinted texture; he has no sense of design and no ability to relieve his flat areas by strong black-and-white contrasts; in short, his work is devoid of all formal beauty. To include him in the province of art one would have to fall back on Expressionism, but this Expressionistic gospel is responsible for more evils than any other modern curse. Practically everything Beerbohm does is graced by the hand of genius, and one cannot dismiss genius on the ground that it is not

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art. A predilection for classic beauty should sharpen rather than destroy one's relish for intelligent comedy. By a curious combination of line and literature, Beerbohm contrives pictures the appeal of which, as I have said, is analogous to the comic strip.

His caprices are intended for the portfolio—they have no place as wall decorations. They do not excite the emotions but they play deliciously on the sense of humor. His most recent volume might be called Rossetti and His Pals. Here, as in his former work, subject-matter is the important factor. The literary imagination; the appropriate details; the close and engaging likenesses; the incomparable dialogue; the microscopic handwriting—all these contribute to a rare and enlightened form of pictorial amusement.

Beerbohm never makes a false step—he knows exactly what he can do and accomplishes his end with consummate skill. He is pre-eminent when delineating historical personages such as, Lord Byron, Shaking the Dust of England from His Shoes; Mr. William Butler Yeats Presenting Mr. George Moore to the Queen of the Fairies; Mr. Thomas Hardy Composing a Lyric; etc. His illustrated anecdotes are inferior to the more indigenous humor of men like Leech and Phil May. With something of the Frenchman's love for qualitative excellence he has refrained from cheapness and sensationalism. To the initiate he is a perpetual delight, and he is fortunate in having an appreciative public. The modern painter of equivalent gifts has practically no market for his pictures; in fact, so deplorable is the condition of the plastic arts that a painter would need the genius of Leonardo and the dialectic skill of Shaw to call attention to himself. Beerbohm's audience is not large but it is loyal, and the answer is: of all living humorists in line, he is not only the most imaginative but also the most amiable.

THOMAS CRAVEN.

A Document of American Chivalry

Jefferson Davis: His Life and Personality, by Morris Schaff. Boston: John W. Luce & Company. $3.00.

THIS anecdotal sketch of a leader of a rebellion by an officer who fought bravely to subdue it is much more valuable as an essay in chivalry than as a biography. And it is because its author delights in dissipating calumny and in doing something more than justice to a much maligned man that we commend it as a tract for the times.

The manacling of "Jeff Davis" in prison, the holding him responsible for the Confederacy in spite of his protest against secession, the charging him with the horrors of Andersonville though he championed the exchange of prisoners and insisted on the meticulous observance of the "rules of warfare," his trial for complicity in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the ribald mockery at his escape in women's clothes because his wife had chanced to throw her shawl over his head a few minutes before his capture, the cancelling of subscriptions to Greely's history of the war because he had chivalrously become Davis's bondman—all this seems ominously contemporaneous. And though it is heartening to have General Schaff "take up [his] pen at the entreaty of two mighty advocates, Truth and Fair Play" and clear Jefferson Davis as "the finest product of a democracy, namely a gentleman" from these ridiculous accusations, one realizes how belated the acquittal is. But that it has come makes us tender of the quaint apostrophes to the Reader, England, Jehovah, Tobacco; makes us clear gaily the patches of muddy English; makes us even unwilling to blame the gallant author overmuch for the strange omissions which every reader of Professor Dodd will notice. Scarcely a word is here of the competing railroad schemes to make Memphis, Chicago or St. Louis the receiving point of the Pacific trade schemes, to which the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was subordinate in Douglas's mind if not in Davis's. Nor is there any mention of Davis's dependence upon "the War Powers of the Federal Government" to build the Pacific Railway, which appears to blot an otherwise rarely consistent public record.

His personal aristocracy, furthermore, seems to have engulfed the political for this knightly biographer. But the affecting and genuine personal characteristics are all there—the mutual goodwill between Mr. Davis and his slaves, the earnestness of his naïve religious faith, a tenderness to the unfortunate like Lincoln's, a sense of official dignity like Washington's, adamantine refusal to open the civil service to spoilsmen while Secretary of War or high commands to civilians when Commander-in-Chief of the Confederacy, fortitude in extremity, his motto by which he lived "Never be haughty to the humble or humble to the haughty."

Above all we catch sight through the pages of this book of a man in bondage to his own convictions of right, incapable of conciliation. When Seward visited his sick bed and made some light remark about certain popular arguments which he had himself employed in a speech in the Senate, Davis questioned incredulously: "Do you never speak from conviction alone?" and, rising on his elbow, shot out his labored whisper: "As God is my judge, I never spoke from any other motive." The reader will agree with Seward's "I know you do not"; the only important uncertainty that may remain is whether to class him among the opinionated or among the idealists.

As one lays down this book, one hopes that there may be some volume from an American military leader in the Great War which, like this, may exemplify what our author calls "the noblest of our country's virtues, Magnanimity."

A. W. VERNON.

A Plea for Turkey

Speaking of the Turks, by Mufti-Zade K. Zia Bey. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.75.

"THE Turks are human beings, but they call God 'Allah.' And it doesn't sound the same."

Any one who has been in Turkey in recent months knows how universally the Turks believe themselves misrepresented in the West. This book is typical of what a good many of the younger Turks are thinking: that it is high time to state their country's case. Mufti-Zade K. Zia Bey is the son of the Turkish Ambassador to Great Britain. He lived ten years in the United States. He married a New

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THESE ARE APPLETON BOOKS

Vachel Lindsay's New Book of Pictures and Verses

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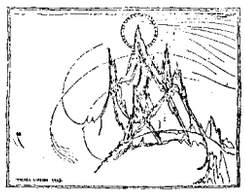

Most delightful is this combination of the author's latest verse and his own illustrations. Here, really, is Mr. Lindsay's public debut as an artist, although it is by no means a recently acquired talent. With a new and interesting technique, he draws some remarkable pictures to accompany his spirited verses, some of which were inspired by his tramp through the Rockies, and others just tid-bits of a vivid imagination. $1.75

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Orleans girl. No doubt when he wrote this book he asked himself, "How can I make Americans see my countrymen as human beings, see them as *I* see them, despite that difference in religion?"

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Zia Bey is an enthusiastic patriot. He is confident of his people's strength and courage. Propaganda cannot block the road. "Patience and untiring work will lead Turkey to progress. And tomorrow the Turks will have their day!"

C. M.

Contributors

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